THE COMMONWEAL

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MEXICO'S INDIGESTIBLE DIET

THE trouble with most figures of speech is that we never take them literally enough. For example, we speak of a constitution as an instrument, and then proceed to treat it, not as an instrument at all, but as a piece of music—a composition reflecting our immediate mood of the moment. Of course, anyone who spoke of a Stradivarius violin as his favorite piece of music would make a rather dubious traveling companion on a lonely road; but somehow we fail to apply the same wise logic to countries who turn their constitutions into popular melodies. We take them seriously, but only because we do not take the constitutional figure of speech seriously enough.

Without being malicious enough to examine the precise nature of our own Eighteenth Amendment, we can take the case of our southern neighbor, Mexico. Plutarco Elias Calles, president of this restless geographical expression, recently defined its notorious religious problem as "nothing else but the conflict between the great chiefs of the Catholic Church and the *constitutional laws* [italics ours] of Mexico that these chiefs pretend to ignore."

In the same article, in the October issue of Foreign Affairs, he makes the further statement that "so long as the clergy do not obtain through the legal means and methods contained in the Constitution itself, and through an act of Congress approved by at least one-third of the state legislatures, the derogation or amendment of the provisions that aim at crushing the political strength of the clergy by means of making their properties the property of the nation, the government fulfils an elemental duty in complying with these laws and enforcing a strict obedience to them."

Now here, we submit, is as delightful an example of topsy-turvydom as you could find in any well-regulated asylum. The difference between a constitution as an instrument and the laws enacted under or through that constitution is precisely the difference between a violin and the melodies played on it. When Señor Calles speaks interchangeably of the constitution and laws, he is speaking just as sensibly as if he put a man on a diet of cereal and spoons. He is resting his case on a constitution that is not a true constitution at all, but merely a collection of laws. Unquestionably, the provisions he mentions are in the Mexican Constitution of 1917, but by the very fact of their inclusion, it has ceased to become a constitution at all. And right here, if you please, is the key to most of the bewildering happenings south of the Rio Grande. Mexico has mixed its constitution and its laws, and finds the diet incurably indigestible.

Unfortunately, the diet is not a new one. It has

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attained a chronic dignity, so that the resulting colic is likewise chronic. In an extremely able article in the September issue of Thought, Marie Regina Madden reviews the Mexican Constitutions of 1824 and 1857, by way of giving point to current comment. Much of her discussion relates to past absurdities in trying to make the man fit the clothes rather than cutting the clothes to the man; or, to keep closer to our own figure of speech, in choosing the wrong kind of instrument to begin with. The Mexican enthusiasts of 1824 broke with the tradition of a centralized government and tried to set up a federal government when there was really nothing to federate. But that bears less on present complications than a more serious error which Miss Madden also spotlights. These early consitution framers did exactly what Calles is doing today. They assumed that "the nation is the source of all sovereignty, and that there is no authority which is not derived from it." Once you make this assumption, all hope of creating a true constitution is gone. The best you can do is to create two kinds of laws, those easily changed by an act of legislature, and those (miscalled the constitution) which are exceedingly difficult to change. But you have utterly destroyed the idea of the constitution as an instrument, because you have given to both constitution and laws the identical character of expressions of a nation's popular will.

A true instrument does two things. It is a medium of expression and also a limit to expression. It has its fixed range of notes and intervals. A musical composition written for the piano cannot go above or below certain notes. And a true constitution sets similar limits to the expression of popular will. It presupposes limits to human action beyond the authority of mere men to alter. To begin with simple things, no true constitution would contemplate legislation against the sun or the moon or the tides. Then, in a gradually narrowing circle, it defines those rights of the individual and society which, by common sense and common experience, partake of the permanent quality of natural law—rights anterior to popular will, to the state itself. By elimination, we come to those matters of administration and practical adjustment which constitute the province of law and the legitimate playground of popular will. Nothing could be simpler, more obvious; yet by starting with the wrong premise, that man, rather than God, is the source of all authority, it is only through the saving humor of partial sanity that constitutions like those of Mexico are saved from the brilliant effrontery of prohibiting sunrise in Guadalajara.

What actually has happened is that the constitution writers of 1917, following the example of their forbears of 1824 and 1857, took all authority unto themselves and then decided to outlaw the corporate existence of religious bodies and the possibility of organized religious education. For example: (Article 5) "The law, therefore, does not permit the establishment of monastic orders, of whatever denomination, or for whatever purposes contemplated." Again: (Article 3) "No religious corporation nor minister of any religious creed shall establish or direct schools of primary instruction." Further: (Article 27) "The religious institutions known as churches, irrespective of creed, shall in no case have legal capacity to acquire, hold, or administer real property or loans made on such real property. . . . Places of public worship are the property of the nation, as represented by the federal government, which shall determine which of them may continue to be devoted to their present purposes." And still further: (Article 130) "The law recognizes no juridical personality in the religious institutions known as churches."

These are some of the "constitutional laws" so naïvely referred to by Señor Calles in his recent article. To gather their full import, and without any provocative reference to the use made of them, we have only to translate them into colloquial terms. We might, for example, picture President Coolidge, under a twentieth amendment to our own constitution, deciding during his summer vacation at Paul Smith's camp, how many government-owned churches would be allowed to remain open in New York City, and how these would be divided among Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish. Or, adopting another Mexican masterpiece (Article 130) we can watchfully await the punishment meted out to some Stratton-like enthusiast for criticizing the laxity of prohibition enforcement. For—note well—"No ministers of religious creeds shall, either in public or private meetings . . . criticize the fundamental laws of the country, the authorities in particular, or the government in general."

Remember that all these provisions are an integral part of the Mexican Constitution, that to change them demands a procedure analogous to amending our own constitution, and that they transgress every provision in our own constitution relating to the inherent and inalienable rights of religious freedom, including the right of education. It will then become reasonably clear why the Mexican turmoil, aside from any debatable question of conflicting or impassioned charges, springs from a fundamental error at the very root of her government, a document labeled "constitution" which is, on examination, no constitution at all, a fiat of law and not an instrument for making laws, a usurpation of basic rights instead of a wall for their protection.

It is, of course, highly desirable to know the exact facts of the present controversy in Mexico—the exact extent to which the authorities have enforced the existing constitution. But it is vastly more important to know why the turmoil started and why, in all probability, only a complete change in the governmental theory of Mexico can alleviate an intolerable impasse. Mexico must first have a true constitution.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

PREMIER POINCARÉ'S St. Germain address, demanding as it did that Germany avow guilt in having brought about the world war, is likely enough to enkindle controversy. It is even possible that the effect of the rather brilliant but uncompromising words may be to suspend the delicate negotiations incident to the proposed new Franco-German agreement. We concede that, historically, the problem of responsibility for the events which followed the summer of 1914 is most important. But the present necessary pacification of Europe depends upon the will to overlook, for the time, the question of that responsibility. The past is large and great, but the future is a field of life or death. These observations by a competent European spectator are worthy of more attention than they are likely to receive: "Both naïve and sophisticated European pride had long seen in our little continent the centre of the earth, and had believed that there was given to it, for an indefinite period of time, the mission of being the leader and model of industrial life among the Caucasian peoples. This roseate optimism was combined with a mental illusion which permitted the long cycles of Asiatic or North-African culture to shrink into almost nothing because the events of recent centuries loomed so large in the periphery of modern European activity. We forgot that during whole epochs the western world lay in the sleep of childhood; that our ancestors lived primitively in their fog-drenched woods, while existence was adorned with unheard-of luxury and gorgeous splendor in Babylon and on the banks of the Nile. Today, we are once more painfully, even pessimistically, aware of all these things. The bitter need of Europe can be met, apart from measures incident to domestic industrial politics, only by fostering the sense of solidarity. The question of importance now is, not the domination of Europe by any single power, but the place which the continent as a whole is to occupy in the affairs of the world." This is well put, and worth pondering.

THE report just issued by the Moderation League of New York upon the workings of prohibition, and which covers the eleven years from 1914 to 1925, deserves to be singled out from the mass of propaganda pro and con for one very excellent reason. The figures which it furnishes have once again been obtained by the extremely practical device of communicating with the police department of every city in the Union, asking for figures on arrests for drunkenness during 1925, and collating the answers received with figures obtained last year in the same fashion. This survey also makes a distinction that apparently has not been used so often as it deserves—by taking account separately of the states in which prohibition, tempered with a certain amount of leniency, had been in vogue before the Baptist-Methodist bloc summoned the djinn of bone-dryness from his oriental jar. As a result, the figures and graphs in which it sums up its discoveries may be considered a fair gauge of what happens to the national temper when the attempt is made to raise a steamhead of righteousness by the crude device of sitting on the safety-valve. "In the former dry states," the survey concludes, "the drunkenness has reached a considerably higher point with reference to the 1914 level, than it has in the former wet states." To employ a French proverb, once again "the better has proved the enemy of the good."

THE appeal of figures to the popular imagination, when they are honestly handled, is so great, that to try and enforce a moral from the statistical mass which the industry of the Moderation League has collected, would be an anti-climax. The very form the ascending graphs take, which tell the story at a glance, is significant and picturesque. It suggests nothing so much as a heel stamped upon a national habit that had become almost second nature through long usage; a few months of apparent submission, followed by a steady and resolute refusal to comply, mounting in volume as the methods of enforcement grew more stringent. The statistics made public by the society are addressed to the common sense of the country, and not to that sorry thing, the closed mind. It is idle to expect that they will appeal to men whose sensibilities are immune to this growing mass of crime and bad citizenship. These, echoing the famous cry of the French Convention, can exclaim: "Let civic order perish rather than a principle." But even those whose ears are deaf to any suggestion of a remedy, cannot escape the sight of the mounting disorder, espe-

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cially when it is marshaled in such a national temperature chart as the Moderation League has made public.

WE would draw the attention of our readers to the review of two books dealing with juvenile delinquency, contributed to this issue of The Commonweal by Professor Edwin J. Cooley. The causes of crime are studied with close interest by every section of the American public, but they are of particular importance for those who conceive of human life as essentially an affair of the soul. Catholics, whose school system is supported in the conviction that sound habits of character can be formed in growing boys and girls by good teaching and example, are therefore increasingly interested in the work Professor Cooley himself is doing as director of the Catholic Charities Probation Bureau, of New York City. This foundation, supported and superintended by His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, has already merited the recognition of jurists and educators for its success in reclaiming numerous individuals from criminal lives. Less well known is the survey of more than 2,800 delinquents made by the bureau under the most exacting scientific conditions. An immense, and in the present status of social study, an indispensable, collection of data was gathered by workers who approached offenders against the law in an open spirit, with no preconceptions or theories. Though at present the conclusions attested to by the information amassed cannot be stated with mathematical certainty, Professor Cooley is certain that the future will be less impressed with the theory of "mental disease" and more aware of the part played by disintegrated homes and corruptive social influences.

IT needs to be noted that one of the important effects of the great redemptive effort sponsored by Cardinal Hayes must be felt in the educational system. Professor Cooley says: "The educational system has been partly at fault. The school must abandon the policy of mass education and adapt its methods to the needs of the individual child. Classes for the exceptional pupil, school clinics, specialists in the problems of childhood, visiting teachers and probation officers must all be provided in the school of the future." All this points to an educational program the complexity of which is not readily imaginable, and to the need for greater harmony among educators themselves. Catholics who have shouldered heavy financial burdens for the sake of providing their boys and girls with a sound religious training, may contemplate the requirements of tomorrow with some misgivings, but will, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing they have been on the right road. How about others? One sympathizes with, even if one hardly understands, the effort of many creeds to combine some religious instruction with the regular public school curriculum. But if the church is really the true custodian of morality, it is rather appalling to observe the gap between what needs to be done and the means with which it is, presumably, to be accomplished. The moment has definitely come to reconsider the whole educational alignment, and to give the religious school a better public chance than it has ever had before.

OLIVER CROMWELL, a footnote to history tells us, once tried to emigrate to Massachusetts, and was prevented from setting foot aboard ship by zealous crown officials who must, later on, have dearly regretted their officiousness. History does not tell us whether a scion of the Inge family was among others who postponed their sailing about the same time and for the same reasons—but we like to think he was. Every fresh utterance of the tenebrous Dean shows him to us a spiritual blood-brother of the grim witch-hunters who set their sad seal upon American Protestantism 300 years ago, and whose religion, having been made a quite personal quarrel with a personal devil, is having some difficulty in surviving the discovery that the devil is nerves and sin more or less starch. No man exists more forward than the Dean in raising bogies, or more expert in outfitting them with a due proportion of hooves, horns, and tails. As an inexhaustible well of sorrowful vaticination, the Dean is like Eclipse—with the rest of the field "nowhere." He is as comfortable as a horse-hair seated chair on a hot night would be to a man clad in summer-weight pyjamas.

THE latest jeremiad from Dean's Yard reaches us in a bright little book entitled England, contributed from the decanal study to a series called The Modern World. It concerns the chances of Canada remaining an entity of the British empire, which appear slim to the Dean. No road which his thought follows ever fails to bring him up, sooner or later, under the beetling walls of Saint Peter, and it is with no surprise that we find Catholics and the Catholic Church in Canada made the villains of the annexation drama upon which his imagination sees the curtain about to rise. "The number of Irish, Italians, and Poles in the United States," the gloomy dignitary notes, "is now so great that the Roman Catholic Church is acquiring great political influence, intimidating journalists and politicians, and threatening to interfere with the system of national education. The French Catholics would now have nothing to fear from absorption."

THE grotesque statement strikes us as important from only one point of view. It is typical of the misconceptions and trifling acquaintance with American political problems upon which writers across the Atlantic are content to base their sweeping obiter dicta. Everyone who has had even a passing acquaintance with American national politics (we hardly imagine the Dean is referring to affairs of cities and wards) knows that upon major issues the Catholics in this country

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are not only not organized as a unit, but very recalcitrant to any efforts made to organize them. Some deplore the fact—others would have things no different. Personally, we believe that it is to be accepted as one aspect of a universality, surviving from the days when all men believed alike, and when any division upon a category of beliefs was unthinkable. Such as it is, it calls for a constant watchfulness and defense against the sinister policies of ambitious men outside it who strive to supply for the waning public interest in their own spiritual message by making creed a racial and party label. But under the circumstances, to say that the French-Canadian Catholics, who have evolved a very strong, autonomous, and congenial provincial government of their own, have "nothing to fear" from absorption is a gross misstatement, and we fancy there are those, even outside Montreal and Quebec, who will not be backward in letting the Nordiculous Dean know it.

READING over the program for the second annual "Catholic Congress" of the Episcopal Church in America, to be held at Milwaukee from October 12 to 14, it is hard to believe that we are not looking forward to an event, comment upon which by Catholics should partake of an intimate and domestic nature. "Solemn pontifical High Mass," we are informed, is to be sung on Wednesday, the second day of the congress, and there is the rather naïve corollary that Episcopal clergymen who will take part in the procession are "expected" to make their affiliation quite clear by bringing "cassocks, surplices, and birettas." Our initial amazement is not lightened by the synopsis of the aims which the congress is convened to further. "The Catholic Congress," we are told in an explanatory pamphlet, "stands for the Nicene Faith in its fulness, as against every denial on the part of Protestantism and rationalism. Its purpose is to propagate and defend the religion of the Incarnation of the Son of God, as that religion is made available for men through the seven [let the number, offered without any extenuation, be noted] Christ-ordained sacraments of the Holy Catholic Church."

THE attitude The Commonweal has chosen to take toward the activities of what might be called the sacramental wing of the Episcopal Church, has never been the facile one of ridicule or flippant comment. It is easy to point out the fact that, strong and increasingly active as is this wing, it remains but a single one, and its efforts to raise the entire body to which it remains attached is hampered by another, loaded down with prejudices, traditions, and revolts which may be deplored, but cannot be disowned. It is easy to remind our separated brethren that the Episcopal Church in America, exceptional as is its opportunity in a land where state and church are separate, remains bound none the less by the intentions of its founders. What is more grateful to recognize is the hunger for sacramentalism—the refusal to be satisfied any longer with the dessicated fare that has satisfied its children since Laud and Herbert made their last and futile gesture.

AS Mr. Williard B. Sperry, in the current number of the Yale Review significantly remarks, it is the "deliberate initial omissions" of Protestantism in America which have "created the present religious problems of American life." To restore something of the sacramental fulness that is the spiritual birthright of all Christian men and women, and of which the English-speaking race was robbed anew when the heavy hand of Puritanism fell on its first hesitant return in the seventeenth century, is an object so worthy that, for its sake, Catholics willingly consent to overlook the ignoring of ecclesiastical history, the obliquity to known truth, which must take place before a group of churchmen, severed twice from the parent stem, can call themselves a "Catholic Congress." As we catch the chant of the Milwaukee procession next week, we will readily forget the borrowed cassocks and birettas. We will remember only that a body of our citizens, which includes some of the finest and most luminous minds of the country, is wending its way along a road they have themselves chosen, and toward a conviction where, in God's good time, we look forward to meeting them in full brotherhood and a truly restored communion.

WE look forward, though perhaps not too hopefully, to some result from the recent meeting of the American Hospital Association at Atlantic City, which will relieve the hard lot of the "middle-class" patient. The advance in medical science and hospital treatment during the last five decades is prodigious; in fact, when a summing-up is made, it is about the only phase of advance on which civilization can congratulate itself whole-heartedly and without any reservations. But this very advance is threatening to put it beyond the means of a class who are too proud to take gratuitous treatment and too poor to pay the high fees which render skilled aid possible. In days that are not very long past, the general practitioner was called in at the outset of sickness, and the patient lived or died according to his lights and the will of God. Today, the thought that a dear one has been let die without every specialized resource of diagnosis and treatment having been tried, is unbearable to the survivors who mourn their loss.

AS a result, it is not an uncommon thing to find the savings of years dissipated by a few months of obscure or lingering illness, or a sufferer returned to very problematic health from the operating table with the immediate need for work staring him in the face. Suggestions offered at Atlantic City include the eliminating of certain things which are what the French term

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the "apparatus" of medical science rather than its essentials; and also the provision of cheaper and less highly qualified nursing. But as The Commonweal pointed out in previous comment, the tenuous wages too common in the nursing profession are already dangerously reducing the supply of candidates. Any further attempt to lower them might well mean its disappearance save as a "vocational" calling. Government subvention of health and a frank recognition that all the poverty is not in tenement dwellings, must come sooner or later. Where hundreds of millions are not grudged for the nation's defense against invasion that we trust will never come, it is hard to see how a few millions can be denied for the more imperative purpose of combatting an invasion that is daily breaking down the defenses of life.

THE demand made through Mr. Paul Whiteman that jazz music be admitted to an honored place among the major arts, is a portent of the mad age in which we live. Jazz is popular, jazz is powerful, jazz makes a great deal of money and is the idol of the country in which most of the money is made. Like many another thing that is rich, powerful, and popular, it dislikes having its disreputable origins recalled, and its devotees are naturally angry when authentic musicians refuse to admit the parvenu to their company. The searing answer of Mr. Ernest Newman, the eminent British musical critic, to Mr. Whiteman's pretensions, should give that gentleman food for a little thought. "What should we say," asks Mr. Newman, "of the man who would try to render Shakespeare acceptable to the masses by rewriting him in the language of a New York East-sider?" For "to be, or not to be; that is the question," he suggests the jazz age would prefer: "Yer for it, or yer ain't. D'jer get me, kid?" Mr. Newman need not be afraid that American susceptibilities will be greatly ruffled by the comparison he has chosen. Americans exist in considerable numbers sufficiently instructed to know that jazz bears about the same proportion to true music that "whack, folderiddle-di-do" bears to, shall we say, the chorus from Atalanta in Calydon. There are even some, though our aesthetic Negrophiles would cause one to doubt it, who believe that jazz is not American at all, and who think that the American contribution to music will be found somewhere else than in the grunts, snarls, and yells of the Equatorial forest, scored by the beat of the Congo drum.

THE Celtic cross erected at Guillemont to the memory of 50,000 Irish soldiers who fell upon the Somme, would appear to be the first war memorial in which the new nationhood of Ireland is fully and frankly recognized. All the incidents attending it, the unveiling by a French marshal, the blessing by a French bishop, the presentation of a replica of the battle-standard carried by the old Irish Brigade, what seems to have been the tactful absence of British official representatives, evidence a full recognition that the debt due is one from France to Ireland, just as truly as it ever was in old days when the flower of her youth fought and fell under the fleur-de-lis at Fontenoy or Cremona. The problem facing patriotic Irishmen when the call to arms arrived in August, 1914, was a terribly poignant and difficult one. A series of discreditable and ominous incidents, the officers' mutiny at the Curragh, the brazen connivance at Ulster's arming, the shooting affair on the Dublin quays, had convinced the most optimistic that England once more was on the point of repudiating her promise, and that a struggle was at hand for which Ireland would have need of all her manhood on her own soil. Under the circumstances, it is little less than wonderful that so many Irishmen remembered the old friendship and paid a debt over again with their blood which their ancestors in French service discharged long ago. It was the last time, one confidently hopes, that Irish soldiers will ever fight under any flag but their own. Amid all the cenotaphs, obelisks, and blocks of stone which a government that shrinks from a public expression of Christianity has chosen for its war memorials, the Irish cross at Guillemont stands as a testimony to staunch Irish faith, Irish gallantry, and Irish fidelity to old, old bonds of friendship.

ONE may doubt that there is any widespread deep interest in the Gaelic language and literature among Americans, but one cannot doubt that such an interest would be beneficial and commendable. It is being promoted, at present, by institutions diverse in character, but united in the service of a common cause. Saint Enda's School, appropriately situated at North Barnstead, New Hampshire, is a preparatory school for boys who would grow up in a truly Celtic environment. The directors are consecrated to this beautiful educational maxim of Padraig Pearse: "The precise aim of education is 'to foster.' Not to inform, to indoctrinate, to conduct through a course of studies, but, first and last, to 'foster' the elements of character native to a soul, to help to bring these to their full perfection rather than to implant exotic excellencies." It is a worthy aim to which we hope that Irish Americans will take kindly. Slightly less formal and institutional in character is the School of Irish Studies, 6 East Fifteenth Street, New York City, which is rightly termed the first serious attempt to establish an Irish cultural centre in the United States. Under the direction of Mr. Joseph Campbell, a poet of exquisite ability, the school has done much fine work. During the coming months, it will offer the public a series of lectures on topics connected with Irish studies. The names of the lecturers and the spirit in which they have been banded together will be apparent to anyone who examines the program that has been arranged by the officials of the school.

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THE FIRMNESS OF ST. FRANCIS

A GREAT many things will be said about Saint Francis during the present week, when the especial days of the centenary will be at hand and the throng of the Poverello's professed disciples will gather as pilgrims in New York City. We have no hope of adding words of outstanding importance to the eulogies which grace the occasion. Perhaps, however, emphasis upon one aspect of the holy Franciscan career may not be valueless. The old stories have been charmingly retold. One has heard a great deal about the direct relationship which the cause of the Lady Poverty bears to multitudinous causes in our own time—to the modern love of material things, forgetfulness of the poor, and indifference to the person of Christ. All of this is perfectly good and true. But the various things which Saint Francis did and preached are immediately dependent upon the utterly unparalleled courage with which he stood for them. His was not the mere dashing bravery of a young soldier nonchalantly scorning death, or the stern fortitude of a martyr patient in the siege which is laid round his conviction. Saint Francis was, by temperament, fully able to appreciate valor of this sort. But the pure flame of his own spirit was of a different character.

Upon the hills near Assisi, he learned the art of acting upon the belief that the world is excellent at heart. It was, of course, always a fragmentary universe to him—a city of broken arches and unfinished spires, of men who had never learned their trade. But the endless imperfections of the place never destroyed his hope. The soul of Francis swung like a bird above the impassive acquiescence in fate which had poisoned many of his contemporaries, even as it sickens the modern time. Why should the will gird itself with steel, with bitterly hard renouncement, when the will had been made for joyous surrender? A man can still fight well listening to the drums of defeat, but Francis always battled excellently because the music of victory rang in his ears. He heard it among the birds and on the winds; he was deafened by its clamor in his own heart; and in the end he knew that it is the rhythm of the universe—the unending, unmodified shout of the cosmic family. Therefore, he could go on constantly, so that in the end the movement which he had brought into being was identified with action. The first rule of the Franciscan spirit was solitude and prayer, but its second rule was an almost wild dispensing of energy. Nothing—neither bodily pain nor ignominy—could ever stop the tumultuous going of the friars.

The vast assemblage of the Third Order in the metropolis of the Americas cannot fail to attract particular attention to Franciscan action in the new world. We suppose the story will always hinge round the missions of the Californian country, where the sacrifices and triumphs of the friars abide in memory like the thought of old romance. Was there ever a more Quixotic undertaking than that lavish expenditure of effort, by Junípero Serra and his companions, for the right development of a native Indian civilization? Within seventy-five years they baptized a throng conservatively estimated at 100,000; they built a score of beautiful churches, not even yet surpassed in the United States for loveliness of design and unpretentious fidelity to religious sentiment; they attached to each church a place of monastic refuge to which myriads of poor natives went for physical and spiritual help; and they established schools of various kinds more numerous and effective than those which today take their places, after three-quarters of a century of American rule. It was a magnificent dream, but it was also a breathlessly courageous effort. The men who carried it on must have loved the brotherhood of the birds, the stars and the multiform trees. But in their souls there was, first of all, the stuff of great men.

California was not the only place to which the Franciscans came. Without extending the panorama of their activities beyond the borders of the United States, one may quote with a legitimate feeling of admiration the following terse summary by a Franciscan historian:

"A few English Franciscans joined the Jesuits in the early days in Maryland. In 1632 the first Capuchin missionaries arrived in Acadia, which included the northern part of the present state of Maine. It was upon the invitation of the Capuchin, Louis Francis Duplessis de Mornay, Coadjutor-Bishop of Quebec and Vicar-General of Louisiana, that French Capuchins came to that territory in 1720; and by 1772 the friars had charge of sixteen stations, among them New Orleans, Mobile, St. Louis, Pensacola, Natchez, Natchitoches, and Manchac (Galveston). Father Bernard de Limpach was the first canonical pastor of St. Louis. A French Franciscan, Father Denys Baron, was the first priest to offer Mass in western Pennsylvania in 1753; and Father Peter Helbron, O.M.Cap., built the first Catholic church in Pittsburgh in the early years of the nineteenth century. When Bishop Flaget arrived in Bardstown, Kentucky, in 1808, he met among the pioneer missionaries an Irish Capuchin by the name of O'Flynn."

Men of this stamp were, it is salutary to remember, poets and doctrinaires, but not merely poets and doctrinaires. A definite great masculinity breathed in them. Theirs was the unconquerable joviality of those who, fully conscious of evil, realize that darkness and disease shall be surmounted. And so they are exemplars for the present day—most desperately needed, illuminating, saving us all from the misery of ourselves. May it be that, as the papal encyclical letter says, "in this year . . . the world should receive, through the intercession of Saint Francis, so great an abundance of blessings that it will remain . . . a year memorable."

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FRENCH CLERGY AND AMERICA

AN exceptionally effective pageant, given at the Sesquicentennial celebration under the auspices of the American Catholic Historical Society, is described elsewhere in this issue of The Commonweal. We cannot let the occasion pass, however, without referring to information of exceptional importance which was gathered and used by the author of the pageant, the Reverend John F. Burns. It has long been a commonplace of history that the triumph of the American Revolution was, in a large measure, due to military and financial aid supplied by the king of France. The details of the royal action have not, however, been very well understood until recently. Scholars knew that in the very year when the Declaration was signed, certain secret agents of the French government had been financed by the crown to promote a commercial organization which should supply the struggling colonists with necessaries. And after the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, in 1777, the coöperation of France led, on the one hand, to the victory at Yorktown and, on the other, to the financial subsidy of the federated colonies. In all, 35,000,000 francs were loaned on easy terms, and more than 10,000,000 were offered as a free gift.

Where did the money come from? Some twenty years ago, a French priest engaged in historical research in the National Archives of Paris reported that 30,000,000 livres—or francs—had been given to the king by the French clergy, in order to avoid increasing the burden of taxation to be borne by the common people. But though the report was substantiated by a number of other investigators, the whole matter was not cleared up satisfactorily until Monsignor F. X. Wastl, with the help of Miss Blanche Dillon of the Catholic Lecture Bureau, unearthed evidence which deserves the attention of every American.

At this point, we think it best to reprint the careful summary of the story, prepared by Elizabeth S. Kite:

"From the first, it had been the settled policy of Louis XVI and his Minister Vergennes to avoid as far as possible any increased taxation which would throw the burden upon the common people. The earlier expenditures were made possible by the exercise of a strict economy, but in 1779 the king was forced to demand aid of the clergy, who responded by a gift of 16,000,000 livres, which enabled the king to square back accounts. But the needs of the situation grew more pressing and fresh funds became a positive necessity if the war was to end quickly through prompt and vigorous action. The documents show that during 1779 the policy of France was to withhold action for the double purpose of leaving the initiative in the hands of the Americans and to urge them on to exert to the utmost their own power. The situation rapidly became too critical, however, to defer longer. Franklin, in 1780, made his great plea, and the same year the young and gallant Colonel Laurens appeared before the king. Louis saw that the time had come to take active measures once again. The fall previously, he had ordered the convening of the French clergy for May 29, 1780, in order to ask their help.

"When the venerable body had convened in the hall of the Grands Augustins in Paris, the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld presiding, the commissioners of the king were ushered in. The spokesman, in making his address, first called attention to the fact that the extraordinary expenses of the war had so far been met without the imposition of additional taxes upon the people, but that now the need of new resources impelled the king to invite the clergy to aid in the success of his arms in order to hasten the return of peace which was his great desire. The Commissioner thereupon announced the staggering sum which the king required of their generosity, namely 30,000,000 livres!

"When the promoteur de l'Assemblé rose, his words show the surprise of the dignitaries of the Church at the vastness of the sum demanded, but the thought of aiding in such a cause soon carries him away. He says: 'I rejoice to see France fighting for the common cause, and by a glorious distinction the clergy alone called to the honor of aiding the king in securing freedom of commerce and the safety of the sea.' Discussion then followed, and when the provinces were called upon, the result was a unanimous vote for the granting of the king's request.

"Twice thereafter did the king call upon his clergy for financial aid: once in 1782, during the peace negotiations, when they voted him 16,000,000 livres; and again in 1785, at a time when the king was specially hard-pressed through the inability of Congress to pay even the interest on its Holland loans, he received from the clergy 18,000,000 more."

It is apparent from this to what an extent the United States as a free nation is indebted, not only to the generosity of a long since departed French government, but also to the interest and self-sacrifice of the Catholic clergy of the old régime. One finds it eminently fitting that the first complete story of this most interesting event should have been pieced together laboriously and conscientiously by an American scholar and offered to the public on a great patriotic occasion. Thus attention is drawn to things now of the highest importance: first, to the fact that our own well-being as a nation is the direct result of amiable international relations and not of stubborn isolation; second, to the same kind of generous Catholic action which, as the new feast of the American martyrs calls to memory so vividly, was devotedly concerned with the new continent long before it became the home of prosperity and power and while even the bases of its civilization were as yet not laid. Thus the Sesquicentennial becomes a warning against the arrogance born of national security and against that other pride, called bigotry, which rests upon an imperfect knowledge of national origins and achievements.

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PHILADELPHIA'S CATHOLIC PAGEANT

By KATHERINE BRÉGY

BEFORE the present Sesquicentennial celebration took form, there were serious doubts whether an international or quasi-international exposition were really the best way to signalize the event—and in spite of all that has, under great difficulties, been accomplished, it cannot be said that those doubts have ever been entirely brushed away. But there can be no two opinions about the timeliness or the inspirational value of the Revolutionary pageant presented at the Metropolitan Opera-House in Philadelphia on September 13 and 14, as the contribution of the American Catholic Historical Society to this Sesquicentennial.

After receiving the approval of Cardinal Dougherty, the cast of nearly thirteen hundred men, women and children was quietly but capably rehearsed through the summer months; there was almost no secular publicity, and the patronage was bound to suffer from the effects of late-summer absences. Yet, when the curtain closed on those eight episodes brought together with poignant sense of drama and reverent regard for the spirit of historic truth by the Reverend John F. Burns, O.S.A., of Villanova College, the audience rose with a feeling that the Catholic great-great-grandchildren of the Revolution had achieved a commemoration not unworthy of the momentous Declaration in whose honor it was prepared. And next morning the Philadelphia Ledger announced the production of a pageant which was "more than a pageant," together with the half-awed eulogy of the mayor of the city.

The first scene of Constancy—for that was the name chosen for this pageant-drama, although a more expressive one might well be found for future performances—is laid in a Maryland blacksmith's shop during the August of 1776. The background of the action is built up by conversation between the native workmen, still fired by the undeniable New England slogan concerning "taxation without representation," and a mysterious aged traveler (apparently symbolizing the Catholic Church) who defends the revolt of the colonies on the more philosophical ground that they have now grown into manhood and may justly throw off the shackles only necessary for the child. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, just returned from the Continental Congress, enters and tells of the signing of that Declaration of Independence—baptismal certificate of the United States of America—which is to give a new nation, most composite of all nations, to the waiting world. One knows now how weighty a thing and how splendid a gesture in the cause of liberty Carroll's signature must have been; since it risked his enormous fortune and the future of his beloved state for the sacred but shadowy ideal of freedom.

The next scene shows the throne room at Versailles on March 20, 1778, when—in a scene recalling the familiar picture in our grandmothers' parlors—Benjamin Franklin and the other American legates are presented after ratifying the important Treaty of Commerce and Alliance between France and the United States. Here, by placing upon Franklin's own lips the words of his later impassioned letter to the French Foreign Minister, Vergennes, Dr. Burns achieves telling effect: "I am grown old. I feel myself much enfeebled by my late long illness, and it is probable I shall not long have any more concern in these affairs. I therefore take this occasion to express my opinion to Your Excellency, that the present conjuncture is critical; that there is some danger lest the Congress should lose its influence over the people, and if it is found unable to procure the aids that are wanted . . . the whole system of the new government in America may thereby be shaken; that, if the English are suffer'd once to recover that country, such an opportunity of effectual separation as the present may not occur again in the course of ages." The piercing need of that heroic little army which, after its first spectacular victories, was to suffer for five years every martyrdom of hunger, cold, disease and disheartenment, is revealed with moving directness in this colorful scene—as in the next, where our harassed young Washington pleads his own cause before the French Minister in Philadelphia. Liberty-loving France had given much: the services of Lafayette and the earlier, now so celebrated "French loan" were already matters of history; but she was ready to give more. Standing themselves upon the perilous brink of that Revolution in which their own lives are to pay the price of their fathers' political sins, we see Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette promising further help in men and money to the struggling young United States.

One of the most interesting scenes of the whole pageant—because representing a fact of real historic importance little known even to Catholics who do not happen to be Franco-American specialists—is the Assembly of the French clergy at the convent of the Grands Augustins in Paris, May, 1780. To this meeting, presided over by Cardinal Dominique de la Rochefoucauld, and attended by all the major clergy of France, Louis sends his royal commissioner to explain the depletion of the French treasury, his aversion to increasing the people's taxes, and the vital need of funds to pursue the war in America. In this crisis, he asks of his loyal clergy an "unprecedented" favor—the free gift of that $6,000,000 promised to the colonies! There is, naturally enough, grave consultation among the churchmen, already sorely taxed; but urged by de-

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votion to the king, by their desire to spare any further burden to the people of France, and by their sympathy with the American cause, they unanimously vote to raise what must at that time have been a colossal sum. Records of this meeting, together with a receipt for this "don gratuit" (a loan it was never understood to be, and it seems to have been but the first instalment of large moneys later donated by the French clergy) are now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; photostat copies of them have recently been acquired by the Catholic Historical Society.

But to return to the pageant—comedy and pathos, too, are mingled in a little scene in a Philadelphia inn during the September of 1781: comedy in the tepid brew prepared for his Tory visitors by the loyal innkeeper; pathos in the episode of the ragged, half-starved soldiers constantly deserting from the discouraged little army, and as constantly returning to its desperate hope. Then the climax of the whole is reached in a crowded scene of half-delirious joy, the welcome of Rochambeau to High Street, Philadelphia. He has come, bringing additional funds, and some four thousand troops to add to the pitiful 7,000 which are all Washington can claim from the Chesapeake to Canada—and together the two generals are proceeding to the decisive battlefields of the South. That French assistance during those fateful years saved the American cause precisely as the Americans saved the Allied cause in 1918, has become but a truism now. But truisms are troublesome, disconcerting things—like old photographs or the Ten Commandments—and sometimes so very convenient to forget!

The surrender of Yorktown is reported in a brief, moonlit tableau. Then comes the final scene in old Saint Mary's Church, Philadelphia, where on November 4, 1781, a Mass of thanksgiving has been said in the presence of members of the Congress and officers of the French and American armies; and before the little, tapered altar, Père Seraphin Bandol, Franciscan chaplain to the French embassy, is preaching his historic sermon. There is a surging Te Deum—and in a tableau dominated by the American flag, the pageant closes.

It is notable that throughout these scenes Catholic services to the cause of American independence are stressed. But it is quite as notable that they are never overstressed. It was impossible, from the necessities of chronology or concentration, to include even such familiar and famous figures as Lafayette, Barry, Moylan, Fitzimmons and "Mad Anthony" Wayne. But the fundamental fact is brought out that to Catholics—incorrigible and, in the main, practical idealists that we are!—the struggle and its outcome must be judged by supernatural as well as natural canons. In the words of that memorable pastoral of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, dated December 7, 1784: "Back of the events that led to the formation of the republic, the Church sees the providence of God leading to that issue. We believe that our country's heroes were the instruments of the God of nations in establishing this home of freedom."

The Catholic Historical Society has done a rarely contributive and constructive work in raising the dry bones of these Revolutionary episodes to life again. It is ten thousand pities that the whole huge bulk of American citizens, Catholic and non-Catholic, may not have their faith and patriotism stimulated by visual contact with them during this year 1926.

PHILOSOPHY UNDER THE ELMS

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

DID the Harvard elms recently whisper to one another, agog with excitement, that there were 400 philosophers upon the campus? Or did they, on the contrary, fail to recognize them, from their appearance, as philosophers at all? The latter was more probably the case; if there was furtive nodding or winking among the elms, it was quite imperceptible; they seemed to remain oblivious of the doughty little mortals scurrying about their feet.

The elms may be pardoned. Modern thinkers have perhaps taken to heart Seneca's wise remark that philosophers have such strange ideas that it is superfluous for them to affect strange manners and attire as well. At any rate, a casual observer of the Sixth International Congress of Philosophy would have been unable to distinguish it from any other contemporary gathering of noted educators. It was an eminently sedate and respectable assembly, disinclined to flaunt Socratic noses or Schopenhauerian locks. Only one philosopher fulfilled traditional expectations by crossing the Atlantic to address the congress and then discovering, when he rose to speak, that he had left his carefully prepared paper in the bottom of his trunk. Otherwise, philosophers and papers appeared upon the dot with almost disheartening regularity.

But though uncolorful, the Sixth Congress was an occasion of very considerable importance. It was the first successful attempt since the war to bring together philosophers from the leading nations of the world and to reknit the broken strands of international philosophic thinking. Where the so-called Fifth International Congress of 1924 in Naples had proved to be only a local affair, the sixth was attended by seventy foreign delegates, and every important nation was represented on the program with the single exception of China. The exception, probably unavoidable in

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the present distressed condition of that country, was none the less regrettable; there was no distant echo of Confucius or Lao-tse in the modern halls of Harvard, and the halls were the poorer thereby. On the other hand, India, which had not even been invited to the first two sessions of the congress—the Europeans in charge apparently never having heard of Hindu philosophy—was fortunately represented by two of the ablest among all the foreign delegates. The Sixth Congress was truly international in its material; it was also international in spirit. This was the note appropriately emphasized in the first meeting by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, in his address of welcome:

> "This congress indicates that the terrible breach made in the life of the world, in the thought of the world, by the most colossal of all wars, has been overcome. This congress is in the spirit of Locarno. It is in the spirit of Geneva, where not long ago those moving orations of Briand and Stresemann were spoken. We welcome those scholars in philosophy who speak the German tongue. Philosophy speaks no single language. It speaks the language of the classics. It speaks the language of all modern nations, and now it is learning the language of the Orient. It is the philosophic nature, the nature of calmness, detachment, seriousness, independence, that the world most needs to calm the raging billows of competition and hatred, and to guide forward in accordance with the great ideals of international friendship and peace. A new day has come for philosophy, not as something apart from life, but as something that is guiding life to the fulfillment of its purposes."

Dr. Paul Lapie, rector of the University of Paris, in his reply on behalf of the foreign delegates, speaking in French, brought down the house at the climax of his eloquent address by declaring that philosophy belongs, not to "les nations," but to "die menschheit." This graceful giving to a German phrase the place of honor in his speech voiced the spirit of concord which ruled, not only the first, but all the subsequent meetings of the congress.

Another important feature of the congress was that it marked a definite international recognition of America's place on the philosophic map. There can be little question that we deserve such recognition. Two of the most influential among recent schools of thought—pragmatism and neo-realism—claim America as their birthplace. Our philosophies have become a part of the thought of the world. Yet it would be folly to assert that our position in this field is as yet comparable to that of England, France, Germany, or Italy. The contrary was amply evidenced by the congress itself. As a whole, the American delegates were distinctly inferior to those from other countries. Their thought in comparison seemed laborious and thinly intellectual instead of something lived; they did not think as to the manner born. Only the best of the Americans—James H. Ryan of the Catholic University, William A. Hocking of Harvard, John Dewey of Columbia, Charles Bennett and W. H. Sheldon of Yale—moved on the level which was common to the foreign delegates. This level was simply that of philosophy in contrast to that of the sciences from which too many of the Americans were unable to emerge, supposing themselves to be dealing with philosophy when they were really dealing with physics, psychology, and sociology.

In this, of course, members of the congress merely revealed a general American attitude. The situation in this country was aptly characterized by Dr. Dewey:

> There is energy and activity among us enough and to spare. Not an inconsiderable part of the vigor that once went into industrial accomplishment now finds its way into science. Our scientific "plant" is coming, in its way, to rival our industrial plants. Especially in psychology and the social sciences an amount of effort is being put forth which is hardly equaled in the rest of the world. But as long as we worship science and are afraid of philosophy, we shall have no great science except a lagging and halting continuation of what is thought and said elsewhere. As far as any plea is implicit in what has been said, it is a plea for the casting off of that intellectual timidity which hampers the wings of imagination, a plea for a speculative audacity, for more faith in ideas, sloughing off a cowardly reliance upon those partial ideas to which we are wont to give the name of facts.

President Lowell of Harvard was equally critical of the American scene:

> We are living faster than ever before, but we don't know why we are doing it. The genius of America is acceleration. We are burning up everything in the world. What for? In order that posterity will be bankrupt or in order that it may be made better? We are suffering also from excessive specialization. We have gained something by this specialization, but we are losing something by it, also, in this land of ours. It is time we had a synthesis of what we know. We need to break down the barriers which divide the different fields of knowledge. Now a specialist in one department hardly dares look into another specialist's department. The breaking down of these barriers is the work of the philosopher. It requires a view larger than the technical. We need men who will sit on the border-line of subjects and survey the whole field of knowledge.

Unfortunately, American acceleration and specialization were evident even in this meeting of philosophers. The congress was divided into four sections, meeting at the same time: metaphysics; logic, epistemology, and the philosophy of science; ethics, theory of value, social philosophy, and aesthetics; the history of philosophy. This four-ringed circus had its disadvantages; it often happened that the most eminent performers in each ring were on at the same time. Certain combined meetings of all the sections were insufficient to obviate this difficulty. A more serious defect was the undue number of papers read. During

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the four days of the congress no less than a hundred delegates found a place upon the program. Naturally, it was found necessary to compensate for this excessive generosity in the number of speakers by an equally excessive parsimony in the length of the speeches. No one, great or small, was usually allowed more than twenty minutes. The democratic principle of equality was strictly observed. The weighty reflections of great philosophers were cut short in order to give place to the laborious lucubrations of some pedagogue from Podunk. That under these circumstances the congress accomplished as much of value as it did is matter of congratulation.

The most original paper in the entire congress was probably that of Professor Whitehead on Time, in the division of metaphysics, but he was forced, ironically, by his narrow time limits, to present it in such compact form that it is doubtful if many were able to follow its highly technical and subtle reasoning. Other important contributions to this section which suffered in a similar way, though to a less extent, were those of Herman Weyl of Zurich, Hans Driesch of Leipzig, J. A. Smith of Oxford, and Professors Bennett and Sheldon of Yale. S. Radhakrishnan and S. N. Dasgupta of the University of Calcutta were able, in some marvelous way—a better testimony to Hindu magic than all the fakirs—to define and defend the fundamental positions of Indian philosophy fairly adequately even in the brief period of time that was allotted them.

Some levity was introduced into the discussion of mysticism in this division through the ill-advised attempt of Professor Edwin D. Starbuck to demonstrate by experimental psychology that the typical mystic is mentally inferior, "less skilful in running difficult mazes," and, in the professor's elegant language, "a dumb-bell." This gentleman from Iowa divided one of his university classes into mystics and non-mystics by using a rough-and-ready criterion of "a sense of God as near or far"; then, having thus obtained his mystics, he put them through a series of psychological tests and ended with a mass of elaborate statistics proving absolutely nothing, or at most suggesting that Iowa mysticism is perhaps on an even lower level than Iowa philosophy. This, however, was practically the only attempt in the entire congress to employ the method of "exact science" in a field where it is utterly inapplicable. The other delegates, even when approaching philosophy from a too scientific point of view, stood aloof from such obvious futilities.

The real impossibility of specialization in separate departments of philosophy was well illustrated by the discussion of values which, although apparently belonging to the third division dealing with the theory of value, actually occurred in the second, supposed to be devoted to logic, epistemology, and philosophy of science. The result of the discussion seemed to justify its inclusion in the latter section, as all four of the speakers, the most notable of them being F. C. S. Schiller of Oxford, defended the objectivity of values and their inseparable relation to both "facts" and logical judgments. A valiant attempt was made in another meeting by Ivy G. Campbell of Wells to define an objective standard of aesthetic values. In one of the most interesting papers of the congress, M. R. Cohen outlined the relation between ethics and the law and showed how and why law inevitably fails to give full satisfaction to ethical demands. Various papers on essences and subsistents went over virtually the same ground traversed 700 years ago in mediaeval discussions of nominalism and realism.

In the history of philosophy, two meetings were devoted to mediaevalism, one to Plato, and two to reports from different members on the contemporary philosophic weather in their respective countries. The Platonic meeting was a failure owing to the necessary absence, through illness, of John Burnet of Edinburgh who had been expected to present and defend his heterodox thesis that Plato was a kind of Boswell who merely recorded through all of his works, except the Laws, the actual opinions and expressions of Socrates. In the absence of the arch-heretic, attacks upon his heresy were too easily successful.

The two meetings concerned with mediaevalism, on the other hand, were among the most profitable in the whole congress. The present writer has been recently maintaining in another magazine the proposition that mediaeval scholasticism is of vital contemporary interest; his position would now seem to be supported by the important place assigned to the subject in the deliberations of the congress. In these meetings, M. Noel of Louvain outlined the epistemology of scholasticism and neo-scholasticism, identifying the latter with neo-Thomism, and Dr. James H. Ryan expounded "the two-level theory of finite and infinite" whereby, as he claimed, neo-scholasticism is able to absorb the contributions of both idealism and critical realism and at the same time avoid their difficulties. Bishop William Turner, Monsignor Edward A. Pace, and Dr. John A. Ryan also sponsored the scholastic position.

The question of Jewish and Arabian influence on scholasticism likewise received much discussion. Here the most important paper was that of M. Etienne Gilson, of the Sorbonne, in which he proved conclusively the dominating influence of Arabian thought in the period of declining scholasticism, especially in the work of Duns Scotus. "The work of Duns Scotus," said M. Gilson, "is inspired by Avicenna in the majority of the decisive points in which it is opposed to that of Saint Thomas." The importance of this conclusion for the history of philosophy is obvious.

In general, the congress was characterized by marked antagonism to every form of mechanism and materialism, marked devotion to the idea of philosophy as an instrument for the attainment of the good life.

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THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

AFTER six years of experimenting with groups, Canada has returned to straight two-party government. That is the most significant and hopeful feature of the results of the Dominion elections held on September 14.

Canada in recent years has had parliamentary paralysis, the consequence of factions and groups. In 1921, the National Liberal and Conservative ministry, made up of Liberals and Conservatives who had supported military conscription, was defeated by the Liberal party, led by Mackenzie King. But the same election produced a Progressive party and gave it the balance of power. Recruited mostly from the western prairies, the outcome of an agrarian uprising, and radical in their tendencies, the Progressives both dominated Parliament and prohibited stability in government. Mr. King, the Liberal Prime Minister, successively sought to fight, to conciliate, and to compromise with them, and, all three courses failing, he last year appealed to the country to secure a governing majority. But the result only heightened confusion. Mr. King was defeated in his own constituency; eight of his ministers were submerged; Liberalism returned but forty members from eight provinces outside Quebec, and Conservatives, all but extirpated in 1921, returned with the largest representation. There followed a near-deadlock in Parliament. Mr. King, who declined to resign, carried on under Progressive domination. The House of Commons became a theatre of intrigue in which all parties shared; barter and log-rolling for votes prevailed to an unprecedented extent; vigorous administration became impossible.

A new election, inevitable from the first, and desired by the country, was hastened by revelations of scandal. Inquiry by a parliamentary committee revealed gross laxity, if not downright ministerial dishonesty, in the collection of customs revenue. There followed a resolution of censure upon the King ministry; refusal of Lord Byng, the Governor-General, to grant Mr. King dissolution; resignation of the King ministry; formation of a Conservative government by Mr. Arthur Meighen; the almost immediate defeat of that government in Parliament—and the recent appeal to the country.

The result gave stark illustration of the uncertainty of elections. When Parliament was dissolved, triumph of the Conservative party under Mr. Meighen seemed inevitable. The King administration had not been popular in the country; it labored under the additional handicap of having been censured by Parliament for dishonesty; and Mr. Meighen, following an extraordinarily conciliatory course, appeared popular in French Canada. Return of the Conservatives with a working majority was pretty generally conceded. But the verdict was vastly different. Mr. Meighen's ministry was decisively, almost ingloriously, defeated. It made no headway whatever in Quebec; Liberals returned with twenty-five representatives from the Conservative fortress in Ontario; only one Conservative came back from the three provinces between the Great Lakes and the Rockies; and Mr. Meighen and five of his ministers were rejected by their constituencies. In the Parliament elected last year, Conservatives had 117 members, Liberals 101 members, Progressives 24 members. In the new Parliament, Liberals will have 118 members, Liberal-Progressives (simply a Left of the Liberal party) 11 members, Progressives 19 members, and Conservatives 90 members. A working majority of at least thirty is secure for Mr. King.

What of the issues? First of all, and contrary to a too general assumption in the press of the United States, the questions of annexation and of British connection were not factors in the result. The truth is, that not one-tenth of one percent of the Canadian people favor annexation. And while there is a disposition in some quarters, and a perfectly legitimate one, to examine the basis upon which British connection rests, there is no consequential antagonism to British connection itself. During the course of the campaign a few obscure newspapers, and a few of the more extreme Conservative propagandists, used the fact that Mr. King was graduated from Harvard and was attached to the Rockefeller Foundation during the war, to represent him as a friend of the republic; but such things are not taken seriously by the Canadian people. There is a school in the Dominion which believes that anomalies in Canada's relationship to Great Britain should be removed, that a number of things now somewhat shadowy should be definitely defined; but not even the most radical of this group—powerful publicists like John W. Dafoe of the Manitoba Fress Press, and politicians like Henri Bourassa—want to go as far as to sever the imperial tie. These men, during the course of the election, declared that Lord Byng's refusal to grant a dissolution of Parliament to Mr. King constituted an exercise of autocratic power no longer vested in the crown. But to little visible avail. No amount of electioneering rhetoric could stir the public into belief that their liberties had been invaded, or were menaced, and, contrary to seeming belief in both Britain and the United States that the so-called constitutional question was an important factor in the election, it is quite certain that the part played by Lord Byng, whether wise or otherwise, had small influence upon the electoral verdict.

Five things contributed to the débâcle of the Con-

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servatives: first, failure of Mr. Meighen to form a strong cabinet; second, an overplaying of the customs scandal, coupled with an extraordinary ineptitude by some of Mr. Meighen's lieutenants; third, Quebec's seemingly ineffaceable suspicion, cradled in war passions, that Mr. Meighen is dominated by Ontario Orangemen; fourth, the Liberal budget of last session, which substantially reduced taxation; fifth, the undeniable prosperity of the country.

In Canada, the Conservative party, like the Republican party in the United States, stresses high protection. The Liberals, on the other hand, preach low tariff when in opposition, and practise moderate protection when in power. Last year, with business depressed, and an exodus of Canadians across the line, the argument for more protection was potent; but with returning prosperity, promoted by abundant crops and an unprecedented mineral development, resulting in increased exports and a favorable balance of trade, the high tariff policy lost its force.

But the dominant fact in the Conservative defeat—it is the most salient fact in Canadian politics today—was the hostility of French Canada toward Conservative party leaders. The truth is, that military conscription in Canada in 1917, plus the language by which a part of English-speaking Canada sought to promote it, has done for the Liberal party in Quebec what the Civil War did for the Democratic party in the South. It created a memory and a suspicion that have welded French Canadians into a solid bloc of antagonism to the Conservative party, impelling them to vote regardless of economic or other issues, and without regard to material consequences. Out of 245 federal seats, there are 80 in which the French vote either holds complete control, or, if cast solidly on one side, is a decisive factor, and in only two of these seats were Conservative candidates returned.

Mr. Meighen stepped beyond the danger point in English-speaking Canada to wipe out this Quebec suspicion. A Presbyterian of Scotch-Irish descent, but with a profound respect for Catholicism, and a quite sincere affection for the French-Canadian people, there was nothing that he did not do to win French-Canadian confidence. He mastered the French language; sent his son to the historic French Catholic University of Laval; made frequent pilgrimages to Quebec centres; and laid it down as a part of Conservative policy that henceforth Canada should take no part in foreign wars without the sanction of a general election. And he was sincere. He realized, as most thoughtful students of Canadian affairs realize, that a French Canada voting always for one party must inevitably tend to divide the nation on racial and, to some extent, on religious grounds, preventing proper consideration of economic issues; and he was willing to make large concessions to avoid such a development. But in vain. The acts and language of 1917, the folly that is always engendered by war, had seared more deeply than imagined; and Quebec rejected Meighen by an overwhelming vote.

Mr. Meighen, indeed, fell heavily between two provinces. The Orangemen of Ontario, almost wholly Conservative, did not like his advances to Quebec. They were suspicious of his new war policy; and they did not relish his decision not to take an Orangeman into his cabinet. The consequence was a heavy decline in the Conservative vote in Ontario, with the loss of a number of constituencies.

What the outcome of such a result will be, only time can disclose. French Canadians, if they desire it, can control the political destinies of Canada. They have but to vote with fair solidarity, and as long as the voters of the rest of Canada divide over economic issues, they can easily secure enough allies to keep the reins of government. Whether such a thing would be good for Canada, or good for French Canada, is another question. There are many Quebec leaders who are giving the matter much thought.

Meanwhile, Mr. King has taken office as Prime Minister, with a new ministry. It will be an administration of moderate tendencies, making certain tariff concessions to the West, and yet always bearing in mind that Quebec, whence comes its chief strength, is at heart conservative and protectionist. Mr. King himself is a Liberal of the Gladstonian tradition. He loves well-rounded phrases about the larger liberty, and many of his messages and addresses are reminiscent of Woodrow Wilson. But he is a skilful politician, willing to compromise his principles for office, and just so long as Quebec remains in her present mood, he can afford to make enough concessions to the West to keep him in office for a full term of Parliament. There will be no more elections held in Canada for some years to come.

Rain at Night

Rain is a pauper
  Shabby and old,
Huddling her shoulders,
  Trembling with cold.

Night, in a frolic,
  When the shades fall,
Lends her a misty,
  Silver-grey shawl.

Jewels bedeck her
  Down to her hem,
Each corner arc light
  Pins on a gem.

Pit-a-pat-pat,
  Her silly old feet
Dance in abandon
  Down the wet street.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

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MEMORIES OF BOHEMIA MANOR

By ELIZABETH S. KITE

(The celebration of a "field mass" at Saint Francis Xavier's Church, Bohemia, Maryland, is an important step toward the worthy commemoration of historic incidents which ought not to be forgotten by Americans. At Bohemia, the missionary Jesuits established one of their earliest foundations in the United States; and there, for awhile, they conducted a school which later developed into Georgetown University, the oldest Catholic college in this country. Miss Kite's article is a careful summary of the past of an important spot.—The Editors.)

ON a rising knoll, near the eastern border of Cecil County, Maryland, stands today the ancient church of Saint Francis Xavier's looking out over gently rolling farm-lands down to the Little Bohemia River that one descries in the distance. The fallen urns, the well-laid brick walks, moss-overgrown, and the long silky grass under the trees speak of a well-cared-for past. Out in the sunlight to the east of the church, lies the old graveyard where repose the bodies of the ancient Catholic population, many having been brought from far away in the old days so they might be laid to rest in this consecrated spot. Back of the church, just behind the high altar, surrounded by a tall boxwood hedge, lie the bodies of the missionaries themselves. A spirit of exquisite calm, of a peace passing understanding, broods over the whole.

Although the church was partly destroyed by fire in 1912, it has been restored along nearly the old lines, though many objects of historic interest are lacking. What a place for meditation! Out on the lawn is marked the site of the old building where "Jackie" and Charles Carroll received their early education. On the west, connected with the church is the manse where the fathers lived and from which they set out on their long and toilsome missions. Inside the church are still to be seen the short pews at the sides intended for the slaves, very many of whom in the neighborhood had been baptized by the fathers. It was in one of the front pews where the grand dame, Kitty Knight, who lived on Sassifrass Neck in a fine old colonial mansion, used to sit in state during Mass with a Negro slave fanning her from behind with a huge fan of ostrich feathers—the same Kitty who, during the War of 1812, made so vigorous an onslaught with live coals and a shovel well applied, upon a band of British officers who had comfortably ensconced themselves in her home, that the latter fled in consternation, leaving her in undisputed possession of the field of battle.

The Society of Jesus was the first Catholic organization to establish foundations in the present United States. From the time of the first discovery of America, the members of this order had been pioneers in the wilderness everywhere, ready to endure hardships, suffering, and even martyrdom in their desire to bring the light of Christian faith to their brothers, the Redmen. Less than an century old at the time of the founding of Maryland, the Society numbered already into the tens of thousands, and its members were distributed over the whole of the known world. To the General of the order, Maryland was indeed a mere speck yet, as has been said: "In the great space of a world-wide activity, where everything, if cared for at all was worth caring for well, the little enterprise of Maryland had not failed to be honored with a sufficient degree of specific and considerate attention."

Jesuit missionaries having already been on the spot, it is not surprising that Lord Baltimore should have asked for members of this order to attend to the spiritual needs of the colonists. Those who came over established themselves first at St. Mary's upon land given by an Indian chief.

In course of time, the second Lord Baltimore showed himself hostile to the order and made use of unjust measures against it, especially in seizing the land given the missionaries by the Indian chief. The members were then recalled and for a time Maryland was dropped by the Society as a mission territory. In July, 1647, however, the London Provincial wrote pleadingly to the General in Rome saying that the harvest was great, that there were no spiritual workmen in the provinces of Maryland or Virginia, so that power was granted him to send out as many as were needed. Two were sent, Fathers Copley and Starkley, who landed in Virginia. The former who had already served in the territory, made his way to Maryland where he says the people received him as though he were an angel from heaven.

It was in 1704 that what has been called "the most notable Jesuit enterprise before the Revolution" was begun in Maryland on the Bohemia River, not far from the famous landing of the same name and on one of the "cross-paths" over which merchandise bound to the northward had to be carried to reach the tributary of the Delaware River, where it was again embarked. The nucleus of this foundation was a legacy of 150 acres, a part of the original Bohemia Manor granted to Augustine Herman in 1662. To this legacy, land was added until, twenty years later, Bohemia Manor (which term came to be applied especially to the Jesuit mission) contained nearly ten thousand acres. At the time of these purchases, this was one of the richest tracts and the situation one of the most promising in the entire north of the province of Maryland. However, deeper motives than pos-

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session of fertile lands and favorable location actuated the fathers. From the first, the hearts of the missionaries were turned toward the provinces to the northward, where a scattered Catholic population was already established. From Bohemia Manor the way was comparatively easy. Thus when Father Mosley was made superior of Bohemia in 1764, he could write: "I shall have at Bohemia a fair plantation to manage, the best that we have, and nigh to Philadelphia, which is of vast advantage."

After the political revolution of 1687 which ended in the defeat of the loyal forces of James II and the establishing of William and Mary on the throne of England, the Catholic government of Maryland was overturned and Lord Baltimore forced to accept a Protestant governor appointed by the king. Catholics, therefore, became a proscribed and persecuted people in their own province.

Father Mansell was the founder of the mission at Bohemia. When he came there in 1704 it was as a private individual and in all his legal transactions he gave his name simply as Thomas Mansell, a precaution doubly necessary since Jesuits were universally supposed to be adherents of the exiled House of Stuart and therefore politically dangerous. Moreover at this period, the untimely death of all Queen Anne's seventeen children and her own approaching end raised again in England the burning question of a possible Catholic succession. The reaction of all this made itself severely felt in Maryland. Hence the unobtrusiveness with which the work of the missions proceeded.

At all the Jesuit foundations in Maryland, the fathers lived in the character of private planters and had each a chapel attached to his house much as in the case of the Catholic family of the Carrolls at Annapolis.

Fortunate it was for the Catholics in the new world that the persecution which raged against them in Maryland had no echo in the province founded by the Quakers, for though ample proof exists that William Penn had no special good will toward Catholics, still he did not at any time permit discrimination against them; indeed, the long-drawn out boundary dispute between the descendants of the founders of Maryland and Pennsylvania, ending as it did in victory for the latter, was a great boon to Catholics. No sooner was the line officially drawn separating the two provinces and Philadelphia definitely recognized as belonging to Pennsylvania than Father Greeton set out from Bohemia Manor to start the Jesuit chapel of old St. Joseph in the Quaker City. This was in 1733.

But the greatest work of the Jesuit fathers in Maryland, indeed the work that is the crowning glory of Catholics in pre-Revolutionary America and which was in the minds of the missionaries from the beginning, was the opening of an academy at Bohemia Manor.

This school was classical and commercial. It fitted the boys who attended it, on one hand for successful life in the colony, and on the other, where the parents could afford the cost, prepared them to enter the Jesuit University of Saint Omer's in Flanders. Although all the missionaries were competent to give the highest university instruction, they thought now only of providing for immediate necessities. It was not until after the Revolution, when "Jackie" Carroll, (as he was called when a student at Bohemia) was first Archbishop of Baltimore, that Georgetown University was established.

The school did its work quietly, and the records regarding it are meagre in the extreme. Nevertheless, it did not escape the attention of certain Protestant divines whose zeal led them to make a close scrutiny of all that went on at the missions. One even went so far as to write a lengthy epistle to the king, complaining bitterly of Jesuit successes which he attributed to their cunning and genius for intrigue, praying that legal measures might be taken to bring their activities to an end. This "very considerable popish seminary," as another clergyman styled it, was therefore early suppressed, but not before its good work had profoundly influenced the province.

Today Saint Francis Xavier's is closed, the majority of the Catholic population having moved to a different centre. The spiritual needs of those who remain are being cared for in Middletown, which is just across the state line in Delaware. But Saint Xavier's is to have a resurrection. Not, indeed, as a parish church, but as a monument of past heroic effort and splendid achievement. It is to be opened as a place of pilgrimage at least once in the year with solemn Mass offered again from its high altar. When visited, as it must be, in a spirit of profound recollection, Bohemia can never be forgotten. Its deep and quiet culture, its infinite calm, its dignity, its supreme historic importance cannot fail to touch the heart of everyone who comes beneath its spell. In this way, its missionary activity will continue down the ages with ever-increasing volume and power.

Cloak of Pride

I had a darling little sin,
A woolen cloak of rainbow dye.
I was content and warm within,
And sang as I went by.

After you tore my sin away
The wind of truth became so stinging
My feet are now too numb for play,
My lips too cold for singing.

Oh, give me back my cloak untorn,
My opalescent sin of pride,
Before my heart is quite forlorn,
Or melody has died.

HARRIET SAMPSON.

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SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI—ORA PRO NOBIS

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace."

The Blessing of Saint Francis

Seven times the centuple wheels of life have whirled,
  Since Francis in his brave abandonment
Committed his young way to a free world
  And the great hand of God; above him bent
The pitying sky; he saw in the sun and moon
  And light of the stars, the smile of God, and heard
His voice in the music of the sea, the croon
  Of the wilful wind, and the joyous lilt of a bird;
He loved in every soul drawing human breath
  The spirit of the Maker, Whose best peace
Followed his shining steps to the bourne of death
  And filled the orbit of his life's increase.
Trust, mercy, peace—all those that love him will
Know in their lives his triple blessing still.

MARY SETON.

Poverello

Seven hundred years ago it was you ended
Your mission, Poverello, having shown
What utter waste there is in wealth expended
On things which minister to self alone.
You found anew the Christ-like joy of living
For what no moth corrupts, no thief can steal.
Hungry, half naked, you were always giving
What the mind knows not but the heart can feel.
You hailed alike a sister or a brother
In criminal, virgin, wolf, bird, moon and sun;
What God had wrought, to you could not be other,
And your love worshipped Him in everyone.
  How vain is now our pride in what we do!
  Ah, Little Brother, let us learn of you!

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

Juniper

I am Juniper, and I am wicked.
That's as sure as steel is blue,
Juniper, the fool, is very wicked.
Little Father, it is true.
Sin is like a little field-clock flying,
Like a dandelion fruit.
Lo! I let it rest a minute on me,
And the seed sent down a root.
I was good that night when you were dying,
And your cold hands touched my head,
O I beat my breast then with the others,
But it came when you were dead.
For if I went first you know I'd blunder,
Setting angels by the ears,
And who'd say, "Poor Juniper is sorry!
Do not mind him. See his tears."
While the rest are sobbing I am singing
Out of tune upon my stool,
You have gone before me into heaven,
You will answer for your fool.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

The Minstrel of God

I

O sweet strange minstrel of the joyous singing,
When the torn lands lay bleeding in the dark
With dripping sword and ripping lancehead bringing
Death to harsher life, like Sister Lark
You trilled your melodies at the ear of heaven,
A halo of harmony above the pain,
Until the world, from whom your soul was driven,
Woke to a little loveliness again.
Minstrel of God, you knew that they spoke ill
Who called the One you loved a Man of Sorrow:
Others had made His golden singing still;
And you could see a lightening tomorrow
  When song and the sweet salvation of mirth
  Should rule again over the reddened earth.

II

The noisy swallows quieted at your teaching;
The shrill grasshopper gave you heart to sing;
The falcon was your angelus; your preaching
Went most to souls that heard you on the wing.
Even the wolf, his steel jaws hot from plunder,
Tamed at your soft whispering, as he
Brought his harsh and hungry nature under
Your love sway. Brother Wind and Sister Sea,
Sister Moon and Brother Sun, with these you spoke,
Granting a kind greeting to the Brother Fire
Who healed your body. To this varied folk
You had a word to lift their longing higher.
  Only one beast hid snarling in his den:
  You could not tame the wild lost tribe called men.

CLEMENT WOOD.

Prayer for the Hunted

When shall the panting fox
  Discover its shield
In the bosom of man
  From the baying field?

When shall the fowler turn
  And rend his snare
As the meshed oriole
  Utters its prayer?

Francis, gospeler
  To the listening wood;
Cuthbert, whom petrels heard
  And understood,

Cannot mercy live
  In the hearts of men?
Speak through us with love
  To the wild again!

DANIEL HENDERSON.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Broadway

HERE is a play about which there has been much too little argument. Its authors, Philip Dunning and George Abbott, as well as its youthful producer, Jed Harris, have had the almost unique experience of finding the newspaper critics of one mind. Broadway has had every adjective applied to it except those of restraint or qualification. It has been showered with superlatives as carelessly as one would turn the garden hose on a pet lawn. It is high time, therefore, to take honest stock of this play and to see just what qualities it has that would merit its extraordinary reception.

First of all, it deals with comparatively new theatrical material—the inner workings of a Broadway cabaret with the very modern complication of bootleggers and highjackers. Here you have an amazing but fertile field for ploughing, sowing, and reaping the oldest and most enduring elements of melodrama in entirely fresh terms. It is true, of course, that the very timeliness of the material and the extent to which the situations of the play depend upon circumstances of the moment, deprive this particular piece of much of its lasting interest. But perhaps for that very reason, it bristles right now with amazing vitality.

In the second place, the authors have very wisely confined themselves to telling the story. They have not yielded to the temptation of making any comment whatsoever on prohibition or the galaxy of new-fangled crime to which it has given birth. The audience is quite free to draw its own conclusions. The people it sees are intensely human, each one looking out upon life through his own limits of vision and colliding with each other as inevitably and fatally as a herd of horses wearing blinders and with no guiding reins.

The third important element is its well-constructed melodramatic plot. The authors have taken every advantage of the new material to restate the oldest and simplest formula of melodrama without having it seem too reminiscent of the good old days of the "10-20-30." After the high-brows and sophisticates are through tossing their hats in the air, they will have to admit rather sheepishly that the thing they like best of all in Broadway is what the lowest of low-brows enjoys even today, in the lower run of movie houses.

Lastly, the play is staged, cast, and directed with exceptional fidelity and skill. The program gives credit to the authors for the staging, but it is no secret that Mr. Jed Harris himself has had much to do with the perfection of detail which gives the play its immediate sense of reality. This is, after all, the kind of play that demands the extreme of realistic treatment, and that is just what Mr. Harris has given it.

The aspect of Broadway which has not raised enough argument is the inclusion of a considerable amount of quite unnecessary and offensive material. Once more, as in so many productions of this kind, the name of Christ is bantered about freely and probably with the same hypocritical justification used by other managers for other plays. It becomes rather tiresome to repeat constantly the same argument against the same offense. But no manager has yet answered the question of why it is necessary to use the name of Christ for the sake of realism, when it is not equally necessary to use any one of half a dozen vulgar expressions which the same characters would inevitably use in real life. If these managers were sincere with themselves and honest with their public in their attempt at realism, they know that the plays would be closed. But because fewer people seem to respect the name of Christ than the dictates of the great god "taste," play after play will reproduce blasphemous language but avoid true vulgarity like the pest. As to the further general question of bald speech about bald subjects, I need only report that the elimination of several decidedly crude lines would certainly not make a nickel's difference in box-office returns and would go far to improve the general odor of the play without lessening its devastating comment on a certain type of life.

I mentioned above the expert casting as one of the outstanding reasons for Broadway's effective realism. Mr. Lee Tracy, as the pathetically conceited "hoofer" of Nick Verdis's cabaret —the man with unbounded faith in his own personality and unquenchable confidence in his ultimate success—is one of those rare and perfect characterizations which place an actor, overnight, in the ranks of the notables. Playing opposite him is Sylvia Field as "Billie" Moore, a recent arrival in cabaret life and a girl who still retains some ideas of decency, although foolish enough to accept the blandishments of Steve Crandall (admirably played by Robert Gleckler) the chief of the lower New York bootleggers. Miss Field will always be an actress of great charm, no matter what part she may be assigned. In this case, she strikes an admirable compromise between an innate refinement and the borrowed vulgarity of her surroundings. She has made the part something more than the mere luckless heroine of old melodrama. Unfortunately, in the cast of nineteen people, there is hardly one who does not deserve individual mention. Each part, no matter how small, has been given an expert and individualized characterization. But the work of Paul Porcasi as Nick Verdis, the proprietor of the cabaret, and of Eloise Stream, as the girl who finally shoots Steve Crandall in blind revenge because he has killed a rival bootlegger whom she was to marry, deserve special note.

Sandalwood

LET this be part of our written record of the work of Pauline Lord, actress. But for the sake of America's most prolific playwright, Owen Davis, let the memory of the play itself fade as soon as possible! For Sandalwood, based on a novel by Fulton Oursler, is in most respects an extremely bad play, slow in action, seemingly artificial in motivation, packed with marionette characters, and in theme a pallid and rather bilious reflection of the kind of story Bernard Shaw likes to tell.

There is, to start with, a fairly novel situation, calculated best to serve the purposes of farce-comedy, and only capable of development into a more serious play through the grace of expert handling. Eddie Carpenter, piano salesman, is in bed with sleeping sickness. He is so tired of the standardized life and thought of Mount Royal, New Jersey, and also of his wife, Lucy, that he refuses to fight the disease and has resigned himself to die. To him, everything is "piffle"—including, for the moment, his recent infatuation with a wealthy music teacher of New York, one Faith Waring. Why the entire play should not have received the obvious title of Piffle

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is a side-line mystery. However, Carpenter, having condemned everything to the regions of piffle, is startled into a new interest in life by the arrival in his home of Faith Waring herself. She defies every convention and comes to his bedside to nurse him back to life. In this she succeeds, but not in holding his love after he has regained his health. His wife, Lucy, holds the fort.

To add supposed atmosphere and possible justification for Carpenter's attitude, a small army of relatives is introduced—type characters of the most puerile and obvious sort, who march in and out on leading strings, and utter the most inopportune platitudes at exactly the most exasperating moment. Not one of them is a human being, in spite of the fairly competent actors who speak their lines. Only the pale, submerged, instinctive and cloying wife, Lucy, her distressed husband, and the young music teacher have received the benefit of Mr. Davis's serious attention, and of these three the music teacher is so colorlessly acted as to furnish no foil whatsoever for either the husband or wife.

But against all obstacles, Miss Lord as Lucy Carpenter, has created an unforgettable picture. It is, to be sure, another of those parts in which she must convey everything through pantomime and small pathetic gestures—an almost inarticulate part, a woman torn between self-pity, the shock of her husband's infidelity, the intensity and earnestness of her love for him, and her inability to understand in any way his sudden detestation of their mode of life and thought. She is wholly ungifted with logical thought. She has only instincts to fall back upon, and, fortunately for her, those instincts are sound. They see beneath the glamour of Eddie's new ideas to the fact that he is fundamentally on her own level, incurably of the same mental calibre as the very people against whom he fulminates. For the moment he has been dazzled, ensnared by the sophistries of the irresponsible modern, as represented in Faith Waring. When Lucy consents to let the stranger stay in his room and nurse him, when Lucy herself waits patiently in the hall, hour after hour, "in case somebody wants something," we know that her apparent withdrawal and acceptance of defeat is her real approach to victory. If Miss Waring's presence will save her husband's life, that is all she wants. Of the future she has no real fear. She is a woman of splendid if unreasoning faith. In such a part, Miss Lord is supreme. But one part and one actress cannot make a play.

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LITTLE BROTHER FRANCIS OF ASSISI

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Editor of The Commonweal

ST. FRANCIS of Assisi who has been given so many affectionate names—"Little Brother," "Little Poor Man," "The World's Friend"—will always have a special appeal to boys and girls. His story is both simple and thrilling. He lived as a child might dream of living, or play at living, and a child understands his sympathy for flowers, birds, animals, and his essential friendliness.

The story is alive with adventure and excitement, besides its quality of poetic beauty. Michael Williams is a writer who would bring out all sides of such a life. He has written the strong, vivid story of a great man, a great hero, a great saint. Young people will want to read it and own it.

"In his usual charming and entertaining style Michael Williams has written . . . Composed primarily for young people to whom the romance and adventure that made up the life of H. Poverello are bound to appeal, it will be read with pleasure and edification even by their elders. Unobtrusively it holds up a hero whom our boys and girls are bound to love and admire. Without any attempt at preaching it is rich in practical moral lessons. Mr. Williams has been especially happy in signaling out from the great amount of material Saint Francis' life furnishes just those facts and anecdotes that will make his story fascinating for those for whom it is intended."—*America.*

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA
BOSTON DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

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A FRANCISCAN DISCOVERY

By K. R. STEEGE

AT Santa Maria degli Angeli, which is celebrated in all the world from the fact that there Saint Francis spent long hours of prayer in the little church of the Portiuncula —near which he died—there lives in the convent which now shelters a small number of minor friars, one of the most learned students of Franciscan lore.

This is Padre Niccoló Cavanna, an Umbrian by birth, celebrated for his publications on the life and work of the Poverello of Assisi. His cell is so filled with books and manuscripts, and photographic apparatus which he uses to reproduce pages of interesting writings, that there is hardly left a place to sit.

He has lately made a discovery of a precious manuscript of which but four copies exist—and one of them, the most ancient and the best preserved, is of a date about fifty years prior to that of the Fioretti, and is kept in the Communal Library of Perugia. The other copies, which until a few years ago were at Monteluce, are in the convent of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Norcia.

Padre Cavanna, who has passed years of study and meditation over this book, has found that, contrary to previous opinion, the locality in which Our Lord pointed out to San Francesco and to Frate Masseo the way in which they should go, is "about three miles from the city of Perugia, going toward the lake"; which would be precisely at the parting of the three roads of Montebono. But according to the interpretation always given to the Fioretti, it has been believed that this place was near Poggibonsi.

The work in question is known as the Franceschina, or Specchio dell 'Ordine minore. Padre Cavanna believes that this Franciscan manuscript is the source of all the legends which were common in the seicento. In this are also contained 124 of the laudi (hymns of praise) while in the principal editions of these hymns there are but 105. In another important manuscript, however, that of Spithover, there are as many as 241.

This work, the Franceschina, which will constitute one of the most important publications of the Franciscan year, is written in the Umbrian vulgar tongue and is a veritable jewel of style and language. Its reproduction is sure to arouse great interest among scholars. It has an important historical value, equal if not superior to that of the Fioretti, while it forms one of the most solid bases for a detailed study, not only of the life of Saint Francis, but also of the lives of the principal figures of his followers.

These charmingly illuminated pages speak with sobriety, simplicity and an evangelical ingenuousness of Frate Masseo, of Saint Bernardino of Siena, of the Blessed Alberto da Sartiano, of the Blessed Bernardo of Assisi, the first-born of the Franciscan order, and of other disciples of the Saint, the reformers of the religious society of their time.

Up to the end of the nineteenth century, it was supposed by many that this remarkable work was written by Frate Giacomo Oddi of Perugia, though others were inclined to attribute it to Frate Egidio, also of Perugia. Padre Cavanna is of the former opinion. He says that the Franceschina will excite, not only much interest, but will undoubtedly lead to much discussion. He hopes that its reproduction will be considered as one of the most important features of this seven hundredth anniversary of the death of Saint Francis.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE MEXICAN CONSTITUTION

Los Altos, Calif.

TO the Editor:—As a member of one of the "Catholic groups" which Mr. William F. Sands is still taking to task anent our relations with Mexico (The Commonweal, September 22) may I ask just what the worthy gentleman means by his latest contribution to the discussion?

He refers in glowing terms to the essay in the current issue of Thought by Marie Regina Madden on the Mexican constitutions, and suggests that the Knights of Columbus and "other Catholic groups" in the United States abandon their present policy of condemning said constitutions and begin rather to make a study of them.

And when the study has been made—what then? Oh, then they will discover that "religious liberty is not recognized by the Mexican Constitution" and moreover, they will learn that "the Mexican Constitution was falsely conceived and is unworkable"—a fact which "has long been plain to Mexicans and to some Americans who have had occasion to study the matter."

Does Mr. Sands believe that the Knights of Columbus or other Catholic groups have been in the dark regarding these deficiencies of the Mexican Constitution? One does not have to go either to Miss Marie Madden or to Mr. W. F. Sands to find out that the present régime in Mexico is trying to enforce a constitutional program which contradicts many of the inalienable rights of human beings, and hence is "falsely conceived" and absolutely "unworkable."

But what are we American Catholics to do about the matter? Are we to permit this festering sore of Bolshevism to eat its way into the vitals of a Catholic people, and do nothing?

Has Mr. Sands any practical suggestions to offer? Does he wish us to remain satisfied with the discovery long ago made by himself and "some" other Americans that Mexico's Constitution is a stench in the nostrils of God-fearing men?

Speak up, Mr. Sands, we shall be glad to hear from you again on this subject.

F. A. CASEY.

AN ECONOMIC CHALLENGE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The employer (in Mr. Du Brul's hypothetical case, An Economic Challenge, The Commonweal, September 22) is faced with the problem of either reducing wages which are at an admittedly low ebb or facing financial difficulties himself.

It is not the employer's fault that trade in his industry has decreased, but it will be decidedly his fault if he recoups his losses at the expense of his employees. The employees, no doubt, have been facing "serious financial difficulty," due to their "notoriously low" wages, for some time.

Two wrongs never make one right! Why should a heavier load be placed upon the shoulders of those already weighed down, to ease the burden of the one who distributed the load?

The employer should either give a "living wage" (i.e. enough to provide proper clothing, shelter, and fuel) even at the expense of his pocketbook, or else suspend operations!

If the wages are reduced, the employees will be "in dire poverty"; if business is suspended, their lot will not be any worse. All of them, no doubt, can find work which will give them, at least, the "notoriously low" wages they now enjoy (?).

ELIZABETH CHURCH.

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BOOKS

The Young Delinquent, by Cyril Burt. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $5.00.

The Gang Age, by Paul Hanley Furfey. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE YOUNG DELINQUENT is undoubtedly the most painstaking and exhaustive work on this subject which has yet appeared in the English language. This volume is the first of a projected series of three which aim to consider the three major forms of juvenile subnormality: first, those who are subnormal intellectually; second, those who are subnormal emotionally; and third, those who are subnormal in morality and conduct. In other words, the backward, the unstable, and the delinquent.

The present volume deals with juvenile delinquents whose failings are moral. It examines the cause of juvenile delinquency and the more effective ways of treating it. Delinquency, according to the author, is nothing but an outstanding sample, dangerous perhaps in the extreme, but none the less typical of common, childish naughtiness.

However, the most unique feature of this work is, not the intensive study of a delinquent group of 197 children, but the fact that parallel with this study, the author has studied a group of 400 non-delinquent school-children in the same neighborhood. The results of the study appear in twenty-two tables wherein are enumerated and compared those factors which appeared in the lives of both groups and in one resulted in delinquency, while in the other had no serious untoward effects.

Penetrating and comprehensive is the author's consideration of the causation factors in delinquency. It would seem from the exhaustiveness of the treatment that no single contributing factor had been neglected. The circumstances of the offense of the young delinquent, his heredity, the environmental conditions within and outside the home, such as companionship, conditions of leisure, circumstances of work and school, all the physical factors—developmental and pathological, and mental deficiencies, as well as supernormal and special abilities, are searchingly considered.

Mr. Burt has followed McDougall's theories of instincts in his study of the temperamental conditions of the delinquent. Here we find a presentation of the influence and functionings of the specific instincts—hunger, sex, anger, acquisitiveness, hunting, wandering, curiosity, fear, self-assertion, cruelty, and so on.

"Crime," concludes Mr. Burt, "is assignable to no single universal source, nor yet to two or three; it springs from a wide variety, and usually from a multiplicity, of alternative and converging influences. . . . Hitherto, the fund of possible explanations invoked by the criminologist has been much too narrow. . . . Crime is the outcome of many confluents."

On the basis of a comprehensive statistical inquiry, the author has arranged 170 factors of crime causation which he classifies into fifteen groups, of which defective discipline heads the list.

Mr. Burt draws one main conclusion in regard to the relative importance of environmental factors; namely, that the commonest and the most disastrous conditions are those which center around the family life. However, the author emphasizes the fact that it is not the external aspects of the home which exercise the most powerful influence, but rather it is the moral and spiritual atmosphere of the home and its neighborhood that is found to be most significant.

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The author would place a larger responsibility upon the school for the training of the conduct and character of the pupil. He believes that the state should supplement through its schools—without, of course, detracting from the parents' true responsibility—the disciplinary shortcomings of the unsuccessful home. Mr. Burt's study is another proof of the tremendous amount of preventive work which could be accomplished by trained social workers in every elementary school.

Exhaustive, also, is the author's consideration of spare-time activities. He disproves the theory that the cinema contributes largely to juvenile delinquency. The main source of harm is a much more elusive and subtle one. The cinema usually portrays adults in a moral atmosphere of deceit, flirtation, unscrupulous intrigue, wild emotionalism, and cheap sentimentality. The child, with no adequate standard of experience, forms an altogether distorted opinion of the adult social life and manners.

The treatment aspect of the various types of delinquency is very sane, conservative, and helpful. The cases examined have been under supervision and observation from three to ten years. In 62 percent of the cases no delinquency has occurred, and in the remaining 38 percent progress has been satisfactory. In only 2 percent of the cases have results been wholly disappointing.

So complete is this work, so penetrating, humanistic, and social is its general outlook, that all persons working with children will find this an inspiring and illuminating study. The style is simple and direct, yet engaging and interesting. The attitude throughout is that of the keen-minded, warm-hearted educator, who seeks to penetrate to the very core the juvenile nature, and to propose those remedies which will salvage and reconstruct the precious human material placed under his observation.

The Gang Age is a careful psychological study of the preadolescent boy, during the period included between the eighth and the fourteenth or fifteenth year of a boy's life. The book is based on the intensive examination of 119 boys of the preadolescent age, who were part of an experimental Boy Scout troup and a pack of Wolf Cubs.

"This study," states Dr. Furfey, "seeks to throw a light on the influences which modify the character of a boy, particularly those influences operating during his spare time, and to indicate how the recreational worker must take these influences into account in performing the task of character building which is his."

This book includes a consideration of each boy's ability by mental tests, a physical examination, a social study of his home background, and a personality analysis of the boy himself. To illustrate certain tendencies not present in this restricted group, a few cases were added from the records of a psychiatric clinic, a juvenile court, and a family case working agency.

The value of Dr. Furfey's work consists in his direct and masterly presentation of the various factors which influence preadolescent conduct. The value and force of the various environmental factors—home, companions, school, community, and church—are carefully weighed and analyzed. Most valuable of all is Dr. Furfey's analysis of the subjective factors modifying behavior, in which he steers a rational course between the more vociferous behaviorists and the older schools of psychologists.

The result is a judicious, sympathetic, and lucid exposition of the laws governing boyhood life. Dr. Furfey has admirably succeeded in translating the technical phraseology of modern psychology into every-day popular language without any sacrifice of accuracy. The practical application of the technique and findings of the modern psychologists, psychiatrists, and psychoanalysts to the task of the recreational leader are admirably presented, and many of the popular misconceptions surrounding their work are dispelled.

The various types of boy personality—the extrovert, the introvert, the audacious street urchin, the overindulged child, the weakling, the subnormal, and the gifted child—are considered, and the behavior problems typical of these types are keenly analyzed. The mental and the emotional life of the preadolescent boy and the relation of this unseen tide of life to the external factors of environment are clearly portrayed.

As a constructive, illuminating treatise on the problems of the preadolescent, The Gang Age should be of particular interest to recreational leaders, parents, social workers, teachers—in fact, to all who are concerned with the problems of the younger generation.

One of the most valuable features of the book is the inclusion of an exhaustive bibliography, covering twenty-four pages, bearing on all conceivable problems of the preadolescent.

EDWIN J. COOLEY.

American City Government, by William Anderson. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $4.00.

THERE are several good books on American city government which are used principally in college courses, but a new one is always welcome—not that new books always add to the knowledge of the subject, but that they may present well-known matter in a more effective or vital form. It is not the function of a modern text-book to be a volume of research, but rather the assembling of the results of research. It is a valuable service to assemble anew the data in such a way as to help to clarify the problem.

In writing a book on so vast a field there is always the problem of emphasis. No single book on government can cover everything. It is the problem of the author to select that which the citizen most needs to know and to present it in such a way as to encourage the study of the business of city government as a practical tool for the citizen. The presentation of bare outlines, as is done in so many books on government, while ignoring the workings of government by human beings, would be similar to teaching the structure of the body without its physiology. This new text by Professor Anderson is a physiological treatment of city government. It gives the structure of city government to be sure, but the greater portion of the book is devoted to the way it works. Not only that, but the instruments that work government—the people themselves—are analyzed.

The book very properly gives due attention to the analysis of the composition of the population of the modern city. The city is shown as an outgrowth of the needs of human beings for special devices to handle their common affairs in the crowded conditions in which they find themselves. The economic background of cities is clearly drawn, and the business of the people in the development and management of the city as an institution for their common good is set forth.

The book is a progressive treatment of city government. It deals with the city as a living, growing thing and discards the idea that anything about city government is static. That is ordinary common sense and would not deserve special mention were it not for the fact that powerful interests seek to

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discredit all government and prevent it from performing those functions which a normal human being, acting normally, would consider natural and necessary. The author assumes that cities must grow and that city functions must grow, and he is not misled by the propaganda which is so widespread at this time against the increase in public expenditures.

No better chapter has been presented to give a wholesome point of view than the chapter on Money Expenses vs. Real Expense. The demagogues who have been talking about vast increases of public expenditures and overwhelming public debts, get little comfort from the scientific treatment found in this chapter. There has been an increase in the cost of government, but so has there been in the cost of living, and the cost of government responds to exactly the same causes as the cost of living. The cities must pay wages commensurate with the times, and must pay the prevailing prices for things that they purchase. In 1915, the cost of government per capita was $23.93, exclusive of capital outlays. In 1922, this had increased to $42.93, which is a little over an 80 percent increase per capita. The cost of living during the same period increased fully 75 percent. Thus measured in real expense for the normal cost of government, we find that the increase is only about proportionate with the increased cost of living. Moreover, this increase, if analyzed further, would be disclosed to be largely for the purposes of education, charities and highways—purposes which no one would decry. During the same period and since, there have been considerable outlays of capital as permanent investments in buildings and municipal works. Since these represent property investments, they do not properly count as a part of the normal cost of government.

Another comparison that should be made, but which Professor Anderson does not include, is the relative per capita wealth. The total per capita wealth of the United States in 1912 was $19.50. In 1922 it had risen to $29.18. The increase per capita amounted to about 50 percent.

Another consideration that should be borne in mind is that cities have been assuming more and more functions which would otherwise have to be performed at the expense of the people as individuals. Thus, if the city provides free hospitals, the individual is relieved to a considerable degree of the cost of sickness. So it is with numerous new functions, more particularly with those related to schools, health, and sanitation.

The functions of city government cannot be too closely analyzed if we are to have correct understandings on the part of the people who determine the policy of the city, both through representatives and referenda. Professor Anderson's book gives a forward-looking view of city government. It points out precisely the weaknesses and the absurdities that have crept into city management. Programs of reform are urgently presented and he who would scoff at reform in city affairs, as well as in any public affairs, is either ignorant of needs, careless of duties, or has some private interest that he conceives to be at stake. City government must be reformed, slowly to be sure, but certainly. Greater intelligence of community work must be acquired somehow by the citizenship. City government is not some curious specimen to be studied by a few as a skeleton in a museum, but the study must be general among those who control the destiny of the city—the people themselves.

The most needed thing in the study of government, and especially of city government, is a proper and wholesome point of view. Professor Anderson's book gives that, and if it did

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nothing else it would deserve a place among the leading text-books. It should be realized that such a book is not solely for students in colleges. It is the weakness of our educational system that the average citizen thinks of books as something to be studied only in school and college, instead of being every-day tools in their civic lives. Books like Professor Anderson's ought to be in the homes of the people who care about public affairs; they should be read and studied, and this particular book lends itself to that purpose.

JOHN A. LAPP.

The Sacred Tree: Being the Second Part of the Tale of Genji; translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

LAST year, the publication in English of the Lady Murasaki's The Tale of Genji was the occasion of a full chorus of critical enthusiasm. The book was hailed as a masterpiece, as a major classic, and as one of the great works of all time. It was compared most favorably with everything literary from the One Thousand and One Nights to La Recherche du Temps Perdu. Anyone reading the reviews only might well have felt that the American critics had once more run amuck in their frantic search after genius. If, however, the sceptical one turned to the tale itself, it is highly probable that he fell so completely under the spell of its strangely patterned beauty as to forget all about critics and criticism in his own private enthusiasm for this feminine portrayal of the Japanese Don Juan.

This year, The Sacred Tree, the second volume of the Tale of Genji, appears, and the welcoming chorus has become noticeably pianissimo. This might be due to either of two causes: an actual decline in the second volume or merely another case of "something too much of this." As a matter of fact, it seems to be a little of each. The first charm of discovery is gone: that rather perverse charm which defied the reader to say whether it arose from the utter unfamiliarity of this oriental élégant who lived and sang a thousand years ago, or from his almost startling contemporaneity. Second experiences are notably and sadly less thrilling than initial ones; second volumes are liable to the same blight. The Tale of Genji alone, incomplete though the story was, stood as a strange exotic thing in itself; with The Sacred Tree, and four other volumes to follow, the proportions are lost, temporarily at least, and an impression of unwieldly length hangs ominously over the whole.

The second volume takes up the story of Genji after the death of his father, the emperor. The change of power at court and the discovery of Genji's intrigue with Princess Oborozukiyo make necessary Genji's fleeing the palace into voluntary exile. His preoccupations, amorous and political, during this time, fill most of the book, which closes with Genji's triumphant return to court when his son is proclaimed emperor.

But the story, in any sense of continuity, in Murasaki's work remains subordinate to the psychological life of her characters. It is this concern with motives and reactions rather than events which gives her writing such a modern aspect. The conception of the recently widely exploited subconscious plays a large part in this novel of the eleventh century and has led critics to conceive of Lady Murasaki as an artistic freak of time, an isolated Freudian in the Japan of her period. Arthur Waley pricks this bubble of fantasy in his The Art of Murasaki with his explanation that her insight along these lines was "owing to the accident that mediaeval Buddhism possessed certain psychological conceptions which happen to be current in Europe today. The idea that human personality is built up of different layers which may act in conflict, that an emotion may exist in the fullest intensity and yet be unperceived by the person in whom it is at work—such conceptions were commonplaces in ancient Japan."

All in all, The Tale of Genji, for occidentals at least, will remain, not a story to be perused from cover to cover, but a collection of exquisite vignettes of characters and emotions and scenes as delicately and sharply outlined as a Japanese stencil; a book for leisure, gratifyingly out of joint with realism.

Although few American readers will be able to compare Arthur Waley's translation with the original Japanese, all must feel the beauty of style in his fluent and sympathetic English transcription. To show his care in regard to nuances of feeling as opposed to heavy-handed literalness, one may cite his answer to a certain criticism: "I have been blamed for using Catholic terms to describe heathen rituals. My reason for doing so is that the outward forms of mediaeval Buddhism stand much nearer to Catholicism than to the paler ceremonies of the Protestant church, and if one avoids words with specifically Catholic associations, one finds himself driven back to the still less appropriate terminology of Anglicanism."

GLADYS CHANDLER GRAHAM.

Das Passional, by Ruth Schaumann. Kempten: Josef Kösel'sche Buchhandlung.

Die Magd von Domremy, by George Terremare. Idem.

Petrus, by Ilse von Stach. Idem.

Zug der Gestalten, by Karl Linzen. Idem.

THE German publishers from among whose recent issues we have selected four books for discussion here, are commendable particularly for what they have accomplished in the field of belles-lettres. The encouragement and direction offered by them to Catholic writers during the past twenty years have enabled these confidently to take their places side by side with the leading secular authors of the Reich. Ruth Schaumann is a young poet whose previous work, evaluated some time ago in The Commonweal, is crowned by the present slender sheaf of poems descriptive of the Passion. An array of evocative lyrics is characterized by a wonderfully delicate but firm imagery, genuine simplicity, and mastery of melody. One welcomes the absence of esoteric diction and suggestion—the absence of everything, in short, excepting fresh, spontaneous artistry and reverence. We hope to be able to publish, some time, a more detailed account of this poet and her work.

George Terremare, a younger Viennese writer, uses the career of Saint Jeanne as the basis for a carefully written historical novel. Though his book lacks the drama which Schiller's play draws from rapidly narrated and closely packed events of great moment, or which Shaw derives from a swift impact of contrasted ideas, it is both interesting and beautiful. Descriptions of natural and historical scenes are done with a fine, incisive poetry, and the characterization is graphic without being irreverent.

Petrus is the most recent play by Ilse von Stach, whose achievement as a poet, a playwright and a novelist has merited international attention. Briefly summarized, the theme of this extensive and thoughtful verse-drama is the part played by the first apostle in the construction of the Church. The conflict between religion and pagan opposition is portrayed, not only as an element of the early Christian era, but also as a

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clash of forces continuing through time. Memorable, too, is the artistry with which the difficult subject is treated.

Karl Linzen is one of the most agreeable of contemporary German essayists. Remote from the savage tragedy and the grim economics which seem to have engulfed most of the younger writers of his country, Linzen deals calmly and understandingly with personages who belong to the past. Zug der Gestalten—which means something like a "pageant of figures" —contains one of the best essays I have ever read about Franz Liszt, and a very informing as well as attractive study of Camille Desmoulins. The best thing about Linzen's book, however, is its own admirable geniality. Every line is written by a man who knows life as well as he does art and letters.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Dance Over Fire and Water, by Elie Faure; translated by John Gould Fletcher. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

THE "new fundamentalism," which frankly breaks with rationalism and the theory of eternal progress, has already produced its law and gospel. M. Faure, who is being hymned as "one of the most penetrating and fervidly critical minds of our day," gives us the law in his The History of Art in four volumes; and now we are introduced to the gospel in the shape of his latest book.

Life, to the author of this well-written book, is simply a struggle for self-expression. Everything that moves wishes to express itself, to dramatize its ego. The artist is, therefore, the natural leader of the people. He places himself outside all morality; and though he may lead a revolutionary party, he is never motivated by the doctrines of any party. He rejects all dogmas, the dogmas of the radicals as well as the dogmas of the conservatives. He may use for his own ends the dispossessed party against the party in possession, for the artist wishes to build his civilization. All means to this end are justified by victory. Nothing is certain. Nothing is true. Rationalism is the worst lie of all. The artist will accept any myth as plastic material on which to work rather than rationalism. M. Faure's system may be summed up in his own words, "One should take things tragically, nothing seriously."

There is no progress anywhere except in the field of industry. The course of the world is irreversible. Revolution is merely a change of symbols, never of substance. Least of all is there any progress in morals. For the sake of self-expression, "new" moral slaveries and new tyrants are accepted. The nineteenth century? M. Faure disposes of it with a single gesture. It was the least civilized of all centuries! "In what respect are they [the "certain results" of modern science] more verifiable, in what respect are they more true than the myth of Genesis, for example, by which a whole people was nourished in order to elaborate in them notions on which we of today are still living? And the myths which we of today consider as having been entirely destroyed by science, the system of Ptolemy, for instance—did these prevent Greek civilization from attaining the most decisive and harmonious equilibrium?" The Pessimism of Von Hartmann, with its invaluable critique of modernism, here has another day in court. The end-products of all this evolution are—the salaried man and the bee society! It is in vain that we prophesy a golden age for the future, for the pendulum of history inevitably brings back the old with its return swing.

"The Worst of All Hitherto Discovered Universities"

was Carlyle's carefully framed opinion of his Alma Mater. No phrase in all his works is so widely echoed today.

Readers of The Commonweal may be lovers of the campus paths or hot foes of the Prexy. But they cannot afford to miss the following articles—to appear soon—which treat of education sanely, without catering to the double-derringer critics or to the soft-tongued whitewashers:

Our Bicameral Colleges, by BURGES JOHNSON, is a brave and pertinent discussion of the battle between the class-room and what is going on outside.

Our Higher Schools, by the REV. JAMES BURNS, C.S.C., former President of Notre Dame University, is a frank statement of the achievements and failures of Catholic higher education.

Catholics at Oxford is a paper by the Rev. J. Elliot Ross, of Columbia University, which has been awaited with a keen interest that will not be disappointed.

The Newman Club Movement will be discussed in a challenging paper by the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., editor of *America.*

Football and the Faculty is a provocative pronouncement on an important subject by the always interesting Dr. James J. Walsh.

Other articles, by prominent educators and men interested in the colleges from outside their walls, are in preparation.

We assume that you are educated by books or life—even by both. But in any case it is necessary to know what is going on.

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In a Nietzschean vein, M. Faure declares that the amount of suffering one can endure determines his nobility—if it is for self. One must live dangerously to taste the highest joys. Human energy is increased and transferred by heredity. Tragedy is the answer to the world riddle: it produces beautiful things in both the victors and the defeated. The victors, dominant at last and in control of their destiny, erect temples. The defeated write the most poignant music. Jesus Christ was an artist. He came, not to make men brothers, "not to bring peace, but a sword." Who can tell the cost in blood and treasure of the "promised land"? It is wrested by the stronger from the weaker nation. Art, in its very nature, is unmoral.

And what of religion? It is good because of the intensification of feeling it produces in its votaries—its hard, unyielding enthusiasms. Confucius, Buddha, Christ—it matters not. These artists founded great religions because the religions have left great monuments. The greatest religions have been the greatest persecutors, precisely because they were founded by artists. Art is love. Nothing is more cruel than love. Art, stifled by the Church at first, obtained revenge in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. She threw aloft her arches and spires. Communism is sure to triumph; and it, too, will build its temples after victory. Jesus is a myth but a very good myth. The myth inspired the artist. Yet all the time, as Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo labored, they knew the myth for a myth. All artists are unbelievers: "Pascal, despite himself. And Beethoven, despite ourselves." The only faith they have is "an unformulated and monstrous faith in the indifference of God." Artists may even belong to retrograde and reactionary parties, but they are all revolutionists. M. Faure says that Montaigne alone, "between the Pope and the Reformation," was the artist-interpreter of the middle-ages.

The artist may join a party, but he is constitutionally apart from all parties. Just what is his position? He "creates, develops . . . undermines." He rises, like Apollo, between the battling Lapithae and Centaurs. The artist alone has found equilibrium. Rationalism and mysticism—these are but empty words to him. He knows that nothing is reversible. If the mob rebels against rationalism today, it will rebel against mysticism tomorrow and go back to mysticism the following day. But if the artist, by a happy fortune, can command a revolutionary party, he has his opportunity. He must be hard. His poetical frenzy is worth a burning of Rome.

ROBERT R. HULL.

My Musical Life, by Walter Damrosch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

WALTER DAMROSCH probably will not go down in American musical history as one of the great orchestral conductors, nor have his efforts as a composer raised him to the ranks of the creative artists; it is as a pioneer and educator that his full significance is to be noted. He has loved the classics and yet that has not inhibited him from battling for Wagner, and in later years for Debussy and the modern Frenchmen. His sympathies have been wide and fruitful. He has never stagnated, and in everything that has happened in New York's musical life in the last half century he has shown a deep and enthusiastic interest.

Whether in presenting the Wagnerian music-dramas, in bringing composers like Tschaikowsky to America, or in organizing and training military bands in France for the American Expeditionary Forces, he has done his work with ad-

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mirable effectiveness. His activities, his friendships, and his memories he has set forth in his autobiography with gusto and often with charm. Perhaps in it there is a certain lack of self-revelation. He has not attempted to sound the depths of feeling. A little more salt might have given it a little more flavor, and it is certainly not of the school of Lytton Strachey. But of its kind it is very good indeed. It is fluent, gossipy, yet free from malice, and it never wallows in the sentimental outbursts so frequent in the autobiographies of musicians. He has written it frankly for the general public, with no private ax to grind, and no scores to pay off.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

I Fioretti di S. Francesco d'Assisi. A cura del P. Francesco Sarri, dei Minori. Florence: Vallecchi. Lire 2.

IN THIS year of Saint Francis, there will be many books devoted to him, old and new, learned and popular. There will also be numerous reprints of the Little Flowers of Saint Francis and other works. From all these, this particular reprint must be singled out for separate notice on account of its origin.

In his introduction, the publisher, in all modesty, offers this book to Saint Francis, as a gift from his firm. The price at which it is sold, he says—and a mere glance at the volume is convincing—represents no more than the cost of paper; the rest of the cost of production is to be borne by the publishing house in honor of Saint Francis, and in the hope that this most beautiful of saintly books may enter every home in Italy.

The text selected—and it must be added that the editor, most "francescamente," as the publisher remarks, has contributed his work of introduction and revision gratis—is a new one, found in the Royal Library of Turin. It is slightly shorter than the well-known standard text of Antonio Cesari, but all the essentials of the great spiritual classic are here, there is only occasional verbal condensation, and if I add that the whole volume is lavishly illustrated with woodcuts, reproduced from a rare edition of the seventeenth century, it will be clear that this book is indeed a worthy offering and its publication a notable event in this great year.

A. W. G. RANDALL.

Assisi of Saint Francis, by Joseph F. Wickham. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

THE Franciscan centenary, Mr. Wickham has assumed, is an appropriate occasion for the publication of a series of essays about Italian cities. Assisi leads the array; and it would be interesting to compare the reverent, quite classic treatment to be found in this book with some such thoroughly modern and piquant sketch as that written by Felix Timmermans. Mr. Wickham always retreats modestly into the background. Even his careful English is never bold. The papers dealing successively with Siena, Florence, Bologna, and Ravenna recount all the most essential information, but rarely give a fresh personal view. Perhaps that is really a virtue. It is conceivable that much of the Franciscan spirit breathes in a man who can write: "The day has been fair, and the sky softly serene and blue, and the air quiet and dreamful and breathing peace. It is all pleasant to gaze on that old city beneath you, and follow the windings of the Savena and the Reno and the little Aposa." Thus the book is appropriate just now, even though one wonders if anybody will find much that is original in it

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Brynmarian entering the office on the dot of nine o'clock Monday morning. "Do my eyes deceive me?"

There, seated at his desk and with all the complacent appearance of a man already long at his work, sat Dr. Angelicus.

"What!" she exclaimed again. "It really can't be you, Doctor, so early in the morning!"

The Doctor smothered a yawn as he replied:

"It is, indeed, I. But through no fault of mine. Blame the Daylight-Savers—may they choke on their Life-Savers! Blame those obnoxious legislators who took it upon themselves to juggle irreverently with grandfather's clock, setting it ahead an hour in the spring, and readjusting it to its normal life again in the fall—a most impertinent procedure, and one calculated to upset the best of regulated lives!"

"But Doctor, it's very simple," protested Miss Brynmarian.

"Tush!" interrupted the Doctor, treating himself to another mammoth yawn, "simple, indeed! In the summer, time-tables to be read as of winter, then, after all the P. M.'s, A. M.'s, stars, disks, and dashes have been looked up at the furthermost end of the folder, and a serious astigmatism of the eye thus acquired, mathematics to be heavily employed to add one hour to the time stated! Never have I come out as I calculated. Surprise and shock have always awaited me. I've either arrived an hour ahead of time for dinner, or an hour late—each equally unforgivable to any hostess. You are in the Biltmore and look at the clock. It says five. Then you stroll over to the Grand Central (a trip, even with traffic at its worst, of not more than ten minutes) and you find the clock in the station says four. Oh, it's all very simple!"

"But, Doctor, you should learn—"

"Learn!" he broke in. "Just because it accommodates the farmer? Why can't he go to bed an hour earlier and get up an hour earlier? Why must he, every six months, upset my clock, my wrist-watch, and my entire nervous system?"

"But you seem to be all right today, Doctor."

"All right! Look at me—at my desk a full hour earlier than I should be—a catastrophe of the utmost magnitude to my physical and nervous systems! And all because I forgot to change my clock. It will take me months of sleepless nights and worry to regulate the time-tables back to where they ought to be—and then it will be time to change it all around again. I would like to tell the farmer that my sleep is just as important as his."

"Speaking of sleep," said Miss Brynmarian, "did you see the New York World's account of the number of hours our well-known men spend in sleeping? They are divided into two categories—those who sleep twelve hours a night, and those who sleep six. Balfour, Lloyd George, and Sir William Orpen slumber for twelve hours or more—while Edison, H. G. Wells, and the Prince of Wales only take six.

"I am for the twelve-hour ones," said Dr. Angelicus. "I'm sure they're more amiable. If you ever take a husband, young lady, choose a twelve-hour sleeper."

"Well," said Miss Brynmarian, guardedly, "it would be six of one and a dozen of the other. It would all depend on whether he admitted that he snored."

"And if he did?" inquired the Doctor.

"I'd take a six-hour one," she replied.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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